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EXECUTION OF THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

ALTHOUGH accuracy of statement and justness of prediction are not Lord BEACONSFIELD'S most characteristic accomplishments, many assailants have been disappointed by the fulfilment of the prophecies or announcements which he lately made at the Guildhall and in the House of Lords. In answer to the exulting assertion that the Treaty of Berlin had already proved abortive, Lord BEACONSFIELD declared that all parties were prepared to discharge their liabilities, and that his Government would insist on strict compliance with the terms of the arrangement. It may be admitted that, in the later summer and autumn, the language and conduct of Russian civil and military officers furnished some ground for alarm. The Governor of Bulgaria, especially, threatened without disguise the annexation of Eastern Roumelia, and publicly denounced the treaty by which he ought to have regulated his conduct as impracticable and absurd. At the same time the Russian newspapers were allowed to represent the establishment of the Mission at Cabul as a deliberate contrivance for the purpose of extorting from England concessions in Europe. Liberal orators might be excused for believing that the Government had received a serious check, although only factions blindness could account for the satisfaction which they expressed in the humiliation which seemed to have been imposed on the country. The Government was better informed, and during two or three years it has learned by repeated experience the safest mode of dealing with Russian menaces and encroachments. A firm refusal either to modify the Berlin Treaty or to allow European questions to be mixed up with Indian complications resulted in the final determination of the Emperor ALEXANDER to execute a treaty by which he had obtained great advantages. It was at the same time necessary to obtain the practical completion by the Turkish Government of sacrifices in which it had been already forced to acquiesce. The English AMBASSADOR had fortunately, by his untiring energy and transparent loyalty, acquired great and well-deserved influence at Constantinople; and, in spite of domestic and foreign intrigues, his advice has in all important cases been ultimately followed. The French MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS took the most active part in urging on the Porte the unpalatable rectification of the Greek frontier which he had caused to be inserted, though not in an obligatory form, in the treaty. There is now reason to believe that peace will be effectually secured by the common action of the principals in the war, and of the dependents of Russia and the clients of France.

Although it is said that the Russian Governor of Bulgaria was received on his late visit to the EMPEROR with extraordinary honours, it is evident that peremptory orders were given to him which may probably not have coincided with his previous instructions. When he threatened and blustered and promoted insurrections against the Turkish Government, he may perhaps have been acting as an obedient servant of his sovereign. He has since shown himself capable of carrying out a policy which may be less congenial with his own feelings. The International Commission which is charged with the organization of East Roumelia no longer meets with opposition from Russian officers; the Macedonian insurrection has collapsed in the absence of foreign aid, and the Governor seems to confine his activity to the province which is regularly

entrusted to his charge. The negotiations at Constantinople have proceeded more smoothly, and it is hoped that the definitive treaty may be signed in a few days. The new Turkish Ministers have at last issued peremptory orders for the evacuation of the Albanian districts which are to be ceded to Montenegro; and although the inhabitants threaten armed resistance to an unwelcome transfer of their allegiance, the annexation may not improbably be completed without bloodshed. On the cession of the frontier district, and after the signature of the treaty, the return to Russia of the army of which the headquarters are now at Adrianople will immediately begin. The troops which occupy East Roumelia will, according to the stipulations of the treaty, not be withdrawn before the beginning of May; but the most effectual security for peace will consist in the removal from the neighbourhood of Constantinople of the army which, but for the presence of the English fleet, would perhaps have entered the capital nearly a year ago. A long time must elapse before the next invasion of Turkey. The exhaustion caused by a successful war has perhaps not been as great as that which followed the struggle with England and France in the Crimea; but the chronic policy of aggression will scarcely be resumed for many years to come.

The untoward and unavowed opposition of the Porte to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia collapsed long ago; and there is reason to suppose that the relations of the two Governments are now friendly, as their main interests are identical. It is improbable that the province will at any future time be restored to Turkish rule, nor is it certain that the loss of territory will be an unmixed disadvantage. The more vigorous administration of Austria will probably prevent the recurrence of the disorders which furnished the first pretext for the Russian invasion. There is too much reason to fear that, after a longer or shorter interval, East Roumelia, and perhaps the European provinces which are still directly subject to the SULTAN, may, in accordance with former precedents, be disturbed by foreign intrigues; but it will no longer be practicable to send Russian agents and supplies of arms into Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Austrians will also relieve the Porte from a standing embarrassment by keeping the Montenegrin freebooters in order. The Turkish Government will perhaps find less difficulty than before the war in cultivating friendly relations with Servia and Roumania. Both States have had recent and painful experience of Russian alliance and protection. A new Servian war, such as that promoted by Russia in 1876, would be discouraged by Austria; and possibly the Servians themselves are partially satisfied by their territorial acquisitions, and by the formal recognition of the independence which they had long practically enjoyed. The antipathy of the Roumanians of all classes to their overbearing patrons probably equals that of the Turks themselves. In future invasions of Turkey the Roumanian army will perhaps not join the aggressor.

The determination of the Greek frontier may be attended with difficulties of detail and with consequent delay, but an episode in the general settlement of South-Eastern Europe will not be allowed to defeat the general scheme. The Turks can scarcely be expected to sympathize with the motives which induce France and England to promote the interests of Greece. The French Government may perhaps be in some degree ac-

tuated by a not unnatural desire to resume the interrupted tradition of an active policy. A French army liberated the Morea, after a French fleet had taken part in the questionable exploit of Navarino. Although the Greeks have repeatedly expressed their desire for a special connexion with England, they have on some occasions found greater sympathy for their more ambitious aspirations in France. NAPOLEON III., with characteristic vacillation, alternately encouraged the Cretan insurrection which was promoted by the Government of Athens, and acquiesced in the more prudent and pacific policy of England. M. WADDINGTON found and seized the opportunity presented by the negotiations of Berlin of making himself a conspicuous advocate of the claims of Greece. The English Cabinet has since been less urgent in applying pressure to the Porte at a time when Turkey was involved in complicated embarrassments; but England as well as France wishes to encourage the most energetic of Eastern races, foreseeing the not impossible contingency in which the Greeks may be required to supply the place of the decaying nation which has for centuries been dominant between the Adriatic and the Egean. Another reason for cordial co-operation is furnished by the expediency of cultivating good-will between the two great Western Powers. It may be hoped that the jealousy which was caused by the annexation of Cyprus has by this time abated; but French politicians will be better satisfied with the result of recent transactions if their Government has contributed its share to the general pacification. By the end of the coming spring there is every reason to believe that peace will be securely established. The English Government will then have the opportunity of trying under favourable conditions the singular experiment with which it charged itself by the Anglo-Turkish Convention. The advantages of the imperfect annexation of Cyprus, and of the engagement to reform the administration of Asiatic Turkey, have not yet been disclosed to the world at large in an intelligible form; but some confidence may fairly be reposed in a Government which, in extraordinarily difficult circumstances, has maintained peace without dishonour.

#### GERMANY.

THE measure for the repression of Socialism has been supplemented by a proposal for restraining and punishing license of speech in the German Parliament. The proposal is stated to have come from the EMPEROR himself, and PRINCE BISMARCK only appears as the mouthpiece of his master. It is, however, so much in accordance with opinions which PRINCE BISMARCK has repeatedly expressed, that he may be glad to have so excellent an opportunity of allowing the EMPEROR to have his way. The object of the new Bill is to make members of the German Parliament afraid to give utterance to sentiments which the Government would regard as injurious to itself or as subversive of order, and perhaps still more to prevent sentiments of this kind gaining publicity under the shelter of Parliamentary reports. The Bill begins by declaring that the Parliament is to have the power of punishing its members; and punishment is to be inflicted by a Committee specially chosen at the beginning of each Session, consisting of the President and the two Vice-Presidents of the Parliament and ten other members; and one of the three Parliamentary officials with six other members is the smallest number that can act at any one time. No intimation is given of the nature of the expressions which are to call forth the action of the Committee; but, if the Committee disapproves of anything a member has said, it can proceed to punish him. It may simply reprimand him, or it may require him to apologize before the assembled Parliament, or it can fix on a time during which he shall be excluded from Parliament. It can, if it pleases, exclude him during the whole of the remainder of the term during which the then Parliament lasts; but, if it goes as far as this, then the member may appeal to the Reichstag from the decision of the Committee. If he does not so appeal, or if on his appeal the decision of the Committee is confirmed, then an additional punishment may be inflicted, and the Committee, being moved so to act by twenty members outside of its own number, may decree that he shall not be eligible for any future Parliament. If, again, what is said would constitute an offence against the criminal code if not uttered in

Parliament, then the Parliament, on the motion of the Committee, may hand him over to the ordinary tribunals to be dealt with according to law. Such are the provisions for restraining and punishing license of speech. There is nothing more than is reasonable and necessary in declaring that a Parliament shall have jurisdiction over its members, and up to a certain point it may be said that the House of Commons has the jurisdiction which is now to be given to the German Parliament. It can reprimand, it can require an apology, it can suspend an offending member from attendance in Parliament for a limited time. It can even do two things which it is not proposed that the German Parliament shall be able to do; for it can expel a member, and it can commit him to the custody of its own officers. What is special in the German proposal is the delegation of the power of Parliament to a small Committee, the possibility of declaring the offender ineligible for the future, and the power of handing him over to the courts of law. There is something to be said in favour of the delegation of authority. A Committee can consider the alleged offence with more calmness than might be found in the Assembly itself in a time of excitement; if the Committee inflicted punishment where the Parliament itself would not have inflicted it, its members would be certain not to be re-elected; and, as there is to be a fresh election every Session, an erring Committee would soon find its power gone. The declaration of perpetual ineligibility appears to be far too serious an interference with the freedom of election. That twenty members should be required to concur offers no security against abuse. If the Government happened to have got a Committee that would do its bidding, it would be sure to have twenty members at its command, and then a member whom the Government disliked or feared might be prevented for the rest of his life from sitting in Parliament, and his constituents would never return the man they specially wished to represent them.

Far the most serious part of the measure is the power given to hand over an offender to the ordinary courts of law. It is true that here the Parliament itself must concur, and it may be said that Parliament itself would never concur unless the offence was of a very glaring kind. But the Government would always be able to put a very strong pressure on members, and would treat as disloyal all who protected an offender who had transgressed the ordinary law. The mischief of the device is that, by adopting it, the legal standard would become the Parliamentary standard. If it was once discussed whether an expression came within the terms of a section of the Code, the inevitable tendency would be to judge of what was said in Parliament by what was punishable in a court of law. Those who thought Parliament should not interfere would be stigmatized as wishing to protect a criminal. And, if the legal standard were once adopted, the German Parliament might as well cease to exist. There could be nothing like debating, no expression of honest opinion, nothing of the check on misgovernment which is secured by Ministerial acts being submitted to Parliamentary criticism. It must be remembered what are offences under the German Code. One German has recently been condemned for stating in August, when the Bill for the repression of Socialism was sufficiently sketched for the public to be aware of its contents, that it was a measure which ought not to have been brought forward. Another German is now being prosecuted for professing that he found it difficult to believe the story that the EMPRESS had sent the present of a sacred picture to a bishop who has been suspended for refusing to obey the law. It is a criminal offence in Germany to turn PRINCE BISMARCK into ridicule, or in any way to attack his dignity. At the present moment the few journals of respectability that are not under the control of the Government are at their wits' end to find phrases not punishable by law in which to convey to their readers the opinion that a measure emanating from the EMPEROR and countenanced by PRINCE BISMARCK is a bad measure and fatal to Parliamentary liberty. If members of Parliament were to be bound by the same rules, they could never venture to differ from the Government except in the mildest and gentlest way. It is not that many members would actually be handed over to the courts of law. That is not the evil to be feared. What is to be apprehended is that the whole spirit and life of Parliament would evaporate. Speakers would be expected, and would gradually learn, to obey the law—that is, to say nothing in Parliament which ordinary men would not venture to say in a beer-house when they



knew a policeman was present. If the Parliament passes this clause, it will simply commit suicide.

The provisions as to preventing publication of objectionable expressions used in Parliament are as follows:—The President is empowered to inhibit the temporary appearance of all improper expressions in the shorthand report. This inhibition is to last for not more than three days; but if before that time has expired the Committee takes up the matter and punishes the offender even by merely reprimanding him, it may also order that all notice of the expressions for which punishment shall be awarded shall be permanently excluded from the Parliamentary report, and no journal or other publication is to be allowed to reproduce them. If the temporary inhibition of the President or the permanent inhibition of the Committee is disregarded, an offender is to be punishable by imprisonment, which may extend to three months, or may be dealt with more severely if the expressions are in themselves unfit to print. Here, again, it must be admitted that there is something reasonable in the Government proposal. It is not going beyond the proper scope of Parliamentary jurisdiction to say that Parliament shall have some control over what is reported of its debates. The publication of the debates of the House of Commons is quite a modern practice. Parliamentary reporters have no claim to be present; the House of Commons still occasionally exercises the privilege of stopping all reporting, by ordering strangers to retire; and until very lately this was a privilege which any single member could exercise. In practice, no doubt, it is the acknowledged rule that the nation shall know what is said in Parliament; and in countries where, as in Germany, there is an official shorthand report, the claim of the nation to have proper information on the subject cannot be disputed. But it is going very far to say that a nation has a right to know all that is said in Parliament, whether what is said is against the rules of Parliament or not. The speech made in the German Parliament by a Socialist deputy named HASSELMANN, in which he told Prince BISMARCK that he and his friends were ready, if pushed to extremities, to fight and die for their cause, was an utterance as to the propriety of reporting which the Parliament might have fairly exercised its judgment. Here, again, we come back to the main question, What expressions are to be considered unparliamentary? If Parliament does not have its own standard, but adopts such a standard as is furnished by the German Code, the question as to what ought to be reported may slumber, for nothing will be said in Parliament worth reporting. But, if there is the due latitude of free, fearless Parliamentary debate, and a legitimate amount of abuse may be poured on bad Ministers and bad measures, expressions obviously going beyond this latitude need not be published in order that Parliament may be independent and the country made acquainted with what Parliament is doing and saying. If the German Parliament has now none of the powers which the Bill proposes to confer on it, a Bill conferring some proper powers appears to be expedient; and when this is once admitted all the details of the Bill become matter of fair discussion, except the clause adopting the legal standard of propriety of speech as the Parliamentary one.

#### SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT OXFORD.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S brilliant speech at Oxford was admirably adapted to its immediate purpose. The pleasant excitement of effervescent party feeling, the encouragement offered to the prejudices of local supporters, were legitimately rewarded by enthusiastic applause. To find a match for the most effective combatant of the Opposition the Conservatives must satisfy the impossible condition of restoring Lord BEACONSFIELD to the House of Commons in the full vigour of his prime as when he assailed Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is not too much to say that the political prospects of the party would have been perceptibly brighter if they had enjoyed the good fortune of enrolling Sir W. HARCOURT in their ranks. There is reason to suspect that the divisions and jealousies of the Liberals and their miscalculations of national feeling, and even the perilous eccentricities of Mr. GLADSTONE, may escape notice or be forgotten because there is no sparkling rhetorician on the Government benches to

denounce with unqualified and epigrammatic severity the shortcomings of his opponents. Sometimes the most effective advocate errs by excess of vehemence. When the Oxford Liberals returned home, and when the fumes of eloquence had evaporated, some of the cooler heads may perhaps have reflected that their accomplished representative had proved too much. Although he had not repeated the mistake of gloating with undisguised satisfaction over the failures of English policy, his admirers may, on calmer consideration, have thought it strange that the Government which has for several years commanded a large majority in Parliament should never by accident have blundered into a just or prudent policy. If Sir W. HARCOURT'S speech were examined in an equally hostile spirit, it would perhaps be open to charges of inconsistency and unfairness; but an orator is often well advised in taking the offensive without fear of retaliatory criticism. The audience recognized the moderation with which, at the beginning of his speech, Sir W. HARCOURT disclaimed the purpose of attributing commercial distress to the Government, and the boldness with which, in the following sentence, he deduced the depression of trade exclusively from the alleged apprehension of war which, as he said, was wholly caused by the Ministerial policy. Controversial artifices of this kind are so familiar that they are perhaps morally excusable; but they have no influence on the deliberate judgment of serious politicians. There is a fallacy in the implied assumption that a foreign policy is necessarily erroneous because it may involve a risk of war. If war is in any case justifiable, measures which tend to war admit of the same defence, although war, whether necessary or injudicious, is likely to produce commercial distrust. When Sir W. HARCOURT last spoke at Oxford, he thought himself entitled to exult in the prospect that the Treaty of Berlin would prove abortive. The execution of all its main provisions has since been assured; and yet trade has shown no symptom of revival. The only circumstance which is common to both periods is that Sir W. HARCOURT attacked the Government then and that he attacks the Government now.

The liberties which may be taken by an able orator with a popular audience are illustrated in the bold assertion that the Government has for three years defended Turkey, and that Turkey has nevertheless in that time lost a large portion of territory. It is of course notorious that, partly by its own choice and also through the efforts of the Opposition, the Government allowed the Russian armies to invade, and partially to conquer, Turkey without attempting to defend it. Lord BEACONSFIELD has since expressed the probable opinion that a firm resistance would have prevented the war; but the correctness of a hypothetical proposition is scarcely worth the trouble of examination. The defence of Turkey by England is only imagined for the purpose of antithesis; and there is not much advantage in contrasting the fact of the conquest of Turkish provinces with the fiction of an armed defence which was never attempted. The English Government never undertook any task of the kind until, against the vehement protest of Sir W. HARCOURT'S political allies, the fleet entered the Sea of Marmora to protect Gallipoli and Constantinople. The object was at once fully attained; the Russian army suspended its further advance; and there were not even materials provided for another rhetorical antithesis. Confident prophecies are so far safer than apocryphal history that they cannot be confuted at the moment; but the arguments which Sir W. HARCOURT founds on his own anticipations of the prospective disasters of Turkey will only be valid if after several years they are confirmed by experience. It is characteristic of his controversial method that, in criticizing the Berlin arrangements for the government of Eastern Roumelia, he carefully abstains from noticing the principal reason for detaching the province from Eastern Bulgaria. The SULTAN is empowered by the treaty to occupy the defensible position of the Balkans, instead of admitting an independent, and perhaps hostile, neighbour into the vicinity of Constantinople. The modifications which were introduced during the Berlin negotiations into the provisions of the treaty of San Stefano were approved by France, by Austria, by Italy, and by large majorities in England. Sir W. HARCOURT has a right to hold and express a contrary opinion; but, while he accomplishes the immediate purpose of eliciting a ready cheer, he weakens his own contention by representing the conduct of the Government as transparently absurd.

Even the description of Cyprus, though it was highly amusing and approximately just, lost some of its effect by exaggeration. The supposed return of VENUS to the lawful embraces of VULCAN was a happy illustration, though the conveniences of a coaling station are not to be despised. If Cyprus is as useful as Gibraltar for the supply of coals to the fleet, some compensation will be found for the cost and risks of an annexation which has never been intelligibly explained. The part of the Anglo-Turkish Convention which applies to the administration of Asiatic Turkey was equally open to damaging criticism; but in this part of his speech, as in the remainder, Sir W. HARCOURT was not content with the facts of the case. There is too much reason to fear that the reforms proposed by Lord SALISBURY will be subject to delay and to possible failure; but the Porte has verbally accepted the most important recommendations; and it is not certain that gradual improvements may not be introduced. Speakers who positively denounce the Turks as destined to ruin and extinction forget, as Sir W. HARCOURT forgot, that in the Asiatic provinces they form the bulk of the population, and that they number several millions. There is no reason to expect that they will be speedily exterminated; and it is not evidently criminal to attempt, even with the chance of failure, some permanent improvement in their condition. It is at least conceivable that the influence of England may produce beneficial results, if Sir W. HARCOURT and his friends, when they come into power, are not prepared at once to renounce the duties and responsibilities which have perhaps been imprudently undertaken. The policy which was devised by Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY, and which Sir H. LAYARD strives with indefatigable zeal to execute, is at least more generous than the prudent abstinence which is preferred by Sir W. HARCOURT.

It is not to be regretted that little room was left at the end of the speech for the expression of party feeling in the matter of the Afghan war. The complete and unforeseen success of the winter campaign may have greatly disappointed the Liberal party, but it ought to receive notice in their speeches against the Government. If the report is true that SHEER ALI has offered to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Emperor of RUSSIA, the war has ample retrospective justification. The withdrawal of the Russian Government from interference in Afghan affairs has followed the advance of the English columns through the passes; and there is no reason to suppose that the result could have been attained by other means. Notwithstanding the denunciations which are addressed to an imaginary representative of a braggart and turbulent policy under a cant nickname, the recent devotees of the "Divine Figure from the North" have lately thought it expedient to affect a competitive jealousy of Russian ambition. Mr. GLADSTONE has, with singular simplicity, attempted to describe the Ministers as the friends of Russia, and his own faction as her foes. The country will on the whole incline to the belief that hostility is indicated by resistance. It was not an act of friendship to exclude the Russian army from Constantinople, or to compel the withdrawal of the Russian Mission from Cabul. On the whole, it may be admitted that Sir W. HARCOURT deserved the applause of his constituents; but eloquent invective and ingenious satire only convince while the presence of the orator still controls the imagination and feelings of the audience.

#### THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE indications already given of the probable action of the French Left have taken most Englishmen by surprise. To some extent this may be explained by the fact that they have taken the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* by surprise. A few days ago he was confident that the Left were not going to make the mistake of turning out the present Cabinet, while yesterday, in describing the reception accorded to the Ministerial declaration, he writes as though the Left had taken leave of their senses, and he had no hope of their ever returning to them. We shall hardly be far wrong in making allowance for some exaggeration in both these estimates of the state of affairs. It was never quite safe to assume as confidently as many Englishmen did that when once the Senate had been brought into harmony with the Chamber of Deputies the troubles of the French Republic were over;

and it may be equally unsafe now to assume that because the Left have grown excited over their victory, they are prepared at once to scuttle the ship in a kind of drunken glee at finding themselves masters of it. If this last prediction is fulfilled, the apparent evidence of facts must have been strangely misleading. It has been said at one election after another that the country was more and more coming round to the Republic, and that the secret of its conversion was the steady growth of a conviction that, taking all circumstances into account, the Republic is the most genuinely Conservative Government that can be set up in France. If this is so, there can be no real desire on the part of the electors to see revolutionary changes proposed in the Chambers.

Against this view, it may be said there is the unmistakable evidence that the Left are hostile to the existing Cabinet, and the ground of this hostility can only be the unwillingness of M. DUBAÏRE to introduce revolutionary measures. Two things, however, may be said in qualification of this conclusion. In the first place, the coldness of the Left in the Chamber of Deputies may to some extent have been calculated. They may have argued that there is still time and opportunity for Ministers to give backbone to their programme. At present it is little more than a list of subjects with which the Cabinet proposes to deal. Commiseration is to be extended to a certain number of the condemned Communists. The Government will watch over the observance of the laws which regulate the relations between the Church and the State. They will show themselves inexorable against officials who attack or calumniate the Republic. Elementary education is to be made compulsory, and all teachers must be certificated after an interval for preparation has been allowed to them. It will be seen that upon all these points it is left uncertain how far the Government are prepared to go. They have yet to determine how many Communists are to be pardoned, how strictly the laws which regulate the relations between the Church and the State shall be executed, what degree of hostility shall be included in the words "attack or calumniate the Republic," under what conditions elementary education is to be made compulsory, how short may be the interval granted to teachers belonging to religious communities to qualify themselves for a certificate. The declarations made by Ministers in the course of the debate which is to begin on Monday may make an immense difference in the signification of the programme read on Thursday, and the coldness of the Left may only be intended as a warning to the Cabinet that the gloss that will then be put upon their text is of more importance than the text itself. Standing by itself, the Left may be supposed to say—There is nothing in the programme to excite our enthusiasm. If you wish us to support you, you must be careful to put some life and colour into these cold generalities. In the second place, the Left in the Chamber of Deputies may be hostile to the existing Cabinet, and yet the country may not be hostile to it. It is the misfortune of France that none of the elections since 1870 have turned on questions of policy. The form of Government has never been sufficiently secure to allow of the electors' minds being directed to what they would wish a secure Government to do. Even the elections to the Senate were not uninfluenced by the knowledge that the return of a Conservative majority would threaten the existence of the Republic, while the present Chamber of Deputies was elected in answer to a direct invitation from the enemies of the Republic to accept the personal rule of Marshal MACMAHON as a stepping-stone to some kind of restoration. Consequently the genuinely Conservative instincts attributed to the electors have never had any proper occasion of manifesting themselves. The one object of the constituencies has been to return Republican candidates, and they have consequently taken Republican candidates pretty much as they came. Very often probably they have accepted a candidate of more extreme opinions than their own, because to put forward one with whom they agreed more closely would be to divide the Republican voters, and perhaps let in a partisan of the reaction. The National Assembly lay throughout its life under the disadvantage of having been elected for one specific purpose, that of concluding peace; and the present Chamber of Deputies lies under a similar disadvantage. It, too, was elected for one specific purpose, that of upholding the Republic against the men of the 16th of May; and, just as the National



Assembly proved not to represent its constituents on the form of government, so the Chamber of Deputies may prove not to represent its constituents on the composition of the Cabinet.

It must be admitted, however, that there are great difficulties in the way of giving effect to the views of the electors, supposing them to be of this Conservative type. The Chamber of Deputies has nearly four years more to live, and though it may be dissolved by the President, with the consent of the Senate, it is very doubtful whether this consent could be obtained. It is true the Senate did not receive the Ministerial statement with the same coldness as the Chamber of Deputies; but, as the Correspondent of the *Daily News* points out, against this must be set the fact that the Senate has elected M. MARTEL as its President over the head of M. JULES SIMON. And the recommendation of M. MARTEL is the one which, as the *République Française* naively said, the new MINISTER OF WAR does not possess, that of being M. GAMBETTA'S nominee. If M. GAMBETTA has really inspired the hostility which the Left apparently feels towards the Cabinet, it is scarcely probable that he will wish to exchange a Chamber which is prepared to give effect to that hostility for one which may possibly show itself friendly to M. DUFAURE; and on the assumption that he is supreme in the Senate as well as in the Chamber of Deputies, there can be no dissolution without his consent. If, on the contrary, the hostility of the Left to the Cabinet is not shared by M. GAMBETTA, that would seem to show that his power in the Legislature is less than has been supposed, and in that case he might not be able to induce the majority to pass so self-denying an ordinance as on this hypothesis a dissolution would be to it. The prospect is further complicated by the fact that 1880 is the year appointed for the revision of the Constitution, and with this in view it is by no means certain that it would be possible to obtain a Chamber of Deputies elected with exclusive reference to the maintenance or overthrow of a particular Ministry. A Chamber of Deputies elected in 1879 would probably be the Chamber upon which, in conjunction with the Senate, the work of revision would fall; and for this reason the same considerations which have influenced the Republican electors hitherto might be expected to influence them again. Once more they might feel that they had the fate of the Republic in their hands, and that, with a revision of the Constitution impending, it was more important to elect a Republican than to elect any particular kind of Republican. When such a feeling as this is in the air, it is always the most extreme party that profits by it. An extreme party is usually careless about consequences, and if it cannot elect a candidate of its own way of thinking, it will often prefer the candidate most opposed to itself to a candidate who goes half-way with it and then stops short. The result is, that the only way of making sure of a Republican victory is to take the most extreme candidate. How to obtain an election which shall treat the form of Government as finally decided, and busy itself with nothing except the policy to be pursued by the Cabinet, seems for Frenchmen to be an almost insoluble problem. Until it is solved, however, the course of French affairs can never settle down into the humdrum regularity of countries which are content to leave their institutions alone.

#### TRADE DISPUTES.

NOW that the strike on the Midland Railway has collapsed it is easy to see that it never had a chance of success. The men who left their work, much to their credit made no attempt to molest or intimidate the substitutes who took their vacant places. After a day or two it was ascertained that any number of new hands was forthcoming, and the Directors were latterly able to select competent persons as guards of the goods trains. It would be unfair to criticize harshly the misleading language which was used by the leaders of the strike. Probably their followers may understand that assurances of success are not to be implicitly believed; but, if any men have been permanently deprived of employment through their reliance on false or inaccurate statements, they have much reason to complain of misrepresentations which cannot have been always unintentional. The signalmen, who had the good sense to allow an opportunity for negotiation, have obtained some relaxation of the terms originally offered by the Board.

A classification, for the purpose of fixing wages, of more or less laborious signal stations, seems so reasonable as to cause some surprise that the arrangement had not been made earlier. It appears that some misapprehension has prevailed among the goods guards as to the operation of the "trip" system to which they objected; but perhaps, like many other working-men, they dislike piece-work, or payment in proportion to the results of labour. It seems equitable, as it is obviously conducive to public safety, that payment for working a goods train between two points should be made according to the time which ought, in default of exceptional circumstances, to be occupied on the journey. More than half of the accidents on railways are caused by want of punctuality; and when the guards were paid by time, instead of by distance, they had no motive for exerting themselves to maintain proper speed. The manager of the line has stated that they are entitled to allowance in the not unfrequent case of unavoidable delay. The "trip" system will be maintained; and it is worth notice that, although it formed one of the pretexts for the strike, it had been established some time before the late reduction of wages. The increase in the number of hours during which the men are required to work affects the payment for overtime rather than the duration of labour. The additional allowance will begin later than before the change; and the receipts of the men will be proportionally reduced. It is satisfactory to know that the necessities of life are now unusually cheap, so that a diminution of income will be more tolerable than in ordinary times. The Midland Board will probably take care to provide employment for as many of its old servants as possible; and it may be hoped that those who are by their own act displaced will be able to transfer their services to other railways. Although some of the speakers at the meetings unwisely boasted of the inconvenience caused to passengers and freighters, the men made no concerted attempt to profit by the dependence of the community at large on their services. The great majority of the persons employed by the Company submitted without resistance to a reduction which must have been unwelcome to all. In the course of the discussion it has been stated that the reduced wages on the Midland line are equal to those which are paid on other railways. There has been a simultaneous reduction on the Great Northern line, which has happily not produced a strike. The ordinary wages of railway servants are certainly not extravagant; but there are great advantages in an employment which provides more than average chances of promotion, and which is never suspended in the worst of times. The cessation of the strike, while it removes the risk of serious public inconvenience, is also for the interest of the men. They have little reason to be grateful to the great capitalist who strangely volunteered to subsidize the strike.

There is reason to hope that some other trade disputes which seemed to be imminent have been abandoned or adjourned. Intelligent workmen not under the immediate influence of agitators cannot fail to understand that a time of extraordinary depression is unfavourable to their chances of success in a struggle with their employers. The masters are comparatively indifferent to the interruption of their business; and there is little or no competition for labour. A surrender is occasionally disguised in the form of submission to arbitration; and in some cases it is possible to frame and apply rules by which wages may be adjusted; but when the masters have ascertained that they must either reduce the rate of payment or work at a loss, they will seldom bind themselves to take the chance of an award. Arbitration is still more unsuitable to the more serious disputes which relate to the hours of labour. It was not as the result of judicial decisions, but under the pressure of strikes in prosperous seasons, that employers in the iron trade some years ago consented to reduce the working day to nine hours. The result of the change has been so injurious to trade that great efforts are now made to restore the former time of working. No arbitrator can deny that the master suffers by the reduction of the hours of labour while the charge for plant remains the same. On the other hand, the workmen naturally value the concession which they believed that they had permanently secured; and their opinions are not likely to be altered by some of the arguments which have been used on behalf of the employers. Reasonable irritation must be caused by statements, whether true or false, that much of the

time which is no longer devoted to work is spent in idleness or dissipation. Inquisition into the private habits or estates of any part of the community is inconsistent with modern notions of social freedom. It is more to the purpose to prove that high wages and short hours encourage the foreign competition which equally affects the interests of masters and of men. In some instances workmen have exhibited a cynical and suicidal indifference to warnings of the inevitable effect of their obstinacy in making it impossible for the employers to accept contracts offered on certain terms; but, in the long run, even members of Trade-Unions must be convinced that the discouragement of English industry must be ruinous to themselves. A contractor whose statement has been recently published quotes a declaration of certain Birmingham workmen, that, if an order went from their own town to Belgium, they would follow it and enjoy an outing. He adds that the men who refused employment are now suffering extreme want, and that the maintenance of their families devolves on the manufacturer whose proposal they rejected.

The same writer dilates on the superiority of Americans to Englishmen in the manufacture of certain articles; but the comments and contradictions which his letter has elicited illustrate the difficulty of ascertaining the most rudimentary industrial facts. It seems that Mr. HILL as a contractor supplies to his customers locks of a certain pattern which he can, as he says, procure more cheaply from the United States than in his own immediate neighbourhood at Willenhall. The angry tone in which he writes of English workmen suggests a suspicion that he is not exempt from prejudice; but a trader seldom allows his feelings or passions to interfere with the conduct of business. Mr. HILL would probably not import locks from America if he could buy them cheaper at home. There is much probability in his assertion that locks, like many other articles, can be made more cheaply by machinery than by hand; and it would appear from his letter that the Willenhall manufacture is in the hands of small independent makers. A local critic declares that Mr. HILL finds it expedient to use the Willenhall trade-mark for his American goods; and he adds the statement that the small manufacturers have now generally become journeymen in larger establishments. The real question is whether foreign producers are successfully competing in English markets.

#### THE BLOCK IN THE COURTS OF LAW.

THE experiment is now being tried of having a Winter Circuit for the delivery of gaols, making a fourth circuit in the year, and of combining with it a clearance of local civil business. The civil business in the provinces, of a nature beyond the jurisdiction of County Court judges, used to be despatched in the spring and in the summer, that is in March and July, and it was only at these times that the judges cleared the gaols. The first innovation was to have a third gaol delivery in December for places where there was enough business to make one seem necessary. A short time ago the House of Commons insisted on a further change. It thought the detention of prisoners waiting their trial for months together a scandal to English justice, and the Government, in compliance with the wish of Parliament, ordered that there should be not three, but four, gaol deliveries in the year, and that this rule should apply throughout England and not merely in populous centres. These deliveries will now be held in January, April, July, and October; and as there was to be a gaol delivery in January it was thought it would be more convenient that the first half-yearly despatch of civil business should be made at the same time, instead of a little later in the year. The judges are therefore now engaged in making a new delivery, and in anticipating the period at which they were accustomed to despatch civil business. They do not, or at least some of them do not, at all like the change, and they are grumbling loudly at its consequences. Although so many judges are necessarily absent an attempt is still made to carry on London business. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is staying in town, and has openly complained that the conduct of London business at such a time is a farce. He told counsel that he really had not the smallest notion what could or could not be done by the tiny handful of judges left in town, and he pointed out that there were nearly a

thousand cases waiting trial, and the courts were so blocked with business that suitors were defrauded of justice. The right remedy was, he hinted, to increase the number of judges. Nor can there be any doubt that the new system produces great inconvenience, both to suitors and to the judges themselves. One day this week the CHIEF BARON had to rush up from Maidstone and leave the suitors of Kent waiting in the cold, because there was business in the Exchequer which required his instant attention; and if new judges are really wanted, they ought to be created, and the present House of Commons is not at all like to grudge the cost. But it is by no means clear at present that new judges are wanted. It must be remembered that under recent changes three extra judges have been provided for circuit purposes. Three out of the justices of appeal are told off for circuit work. Lord Justice BRETT is now on the North-Eastern Circuit, and Lord Justice COTTON has just been trying a great murder case at Maidstone. Lord Justice THESIGER is ill, but his place on circuit is supplied by a Commissioner. Then that the judges are just now peculiarly shorthanded is the effect of a temporary accident. For so great a purpose as that of consolidating the criminal law, Mr. Justice LUSH and Sir JAMES STEPHEN have been taken away from judicial duties, and when they have done this piece of special work they will be immediately added to the judicial force. Lastly, the Londoners may be said to be suffering now what in former years they had to suffer in March. The judges, not being in London, cannot attend to their business; but when March comes the judges will now be in London instead of away as formerly, and the Londoners will gain then what they lose now.

The preliminary question, whether there should be four gaol deliveries in the year, although settled in the mind of Parliament, appears to be by no means settled in the minds of the judges. So far, indeed, as they have come to a conclusion, they seem to be strongly of opinion that four gaol deliveries are not only a nuisance to all concerned, but a totally unnecessary nuisance. It seems to them a great pity and a great hardship that judges and counsel and grand jurors and ordinary jurors and witnesses should all be summoned to some remote little country town in the depth of winter in order that a slender list of petty crimes may be got through, and a few humble prisoners released or condemned a little sooner than they otherwise would be. This, in the view of some of the judges, is to pet the wicked and to afflict the good. Extreme consideration is shown for the few vicious, and no consideration is shown for the many virtuous. The grand jurors naturally feel the inconvenience of being torn from their homes at this season, and chat the matter over in the most friendly manner with any judge who happens to be specially sympathetic. And no grand jury could wish for a judge more sympathetic than Mr. Justice DENMAN. He really is a judge after a suffering grand juror's heart. For he is ready to cut away the ground on which the promoters of the change felt themselves unassailable, and denies, not only that consideration ought to be shown to prisoners, but that consideration is shown them under the present system. The way in which he looks at the matter is this. If a prisoner is tried, he is condemned or acquitted. If he is condemned, the longer he has been kept waiting in prison before trial the better for him, as the treatment of prisoners before trial is much milder and pleasanter than that which they receive after condemnation. The earlier arrival of the judges is for them simply the earlier substitution of hard labour for simple detention. If a prisoner is acquitted, Mr. Justice DENMAN's experience enables him to assert that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he escapes, not because he is not really guilty, but because the law cannot punish him for want of proof. Detention in prison is, therefore, a very trivial punishment for his actual, though not provable, guilt; and, although this punishment must be sadly inadequate, yet the more of this inadequate punishment he gets the more a virtuous society ought to be pleased; and nothing can be more disheartening than that this term of just suffering should be abridged by summoning good comfortable people like judges and grand jurors, at a preposterously early and most inconvenient time, to set him free, as it is called, or, as it would be more accurate to say, to let him off a portion of the only punishment society can inflict on him. There is, however, the conceivable case of the one white sheep, the hundredth man who is acquitted, and here it might be thought that Mr. Justice DENMAN would have to



own that it is nothing more than proper consideration for such a man to secure his release from prison as soon as possible. Not in the least. Mr. Justice DENMAN utterly denies that it is any kindness to release a man from prison. Most prisoners are poor men, and to poor men it is a positive advantage to be in prison. They are sheltered, warmed, clothed, and fed. They are the true lilies of the English field. They do nothing, and yet are very comfortable. They have not to share the rough lot of those who have not had the great good fortune to be falsely accused. They need not shiver in the wintry weather, seeking in vain for employment, begging a crust here and a faggot there. They have drawn a prize in the lottery of pauper life, and now a cruel Government robs them of their prize, and makes judges and grand jurors reluctant accomplices in their cruelty.

Every now and then, when a question is under the consideration of Parliament or the public, some one manages to relieve every one from the trouble of further controversy by putting a point with so much felicity and force that all feel that nothing more need be said. When a judge has once placed the objection to frequent gaol delivery on the grounds that accused persons may be presumed to be guilty, and that it is cruel to a poor man to wrench him from the comforts of prison and to restore him to the miseries of freedom and his family, the House of Commons will feel that it wants no more to confirm it in its resolution. If it was ever doubtful, it is now certain beyond all question that there will be four gaol deliveries in a year. If, therefore, the institution of so many gaol deliveries makes an increase in the number of judges necessary, their number must be increased. But the Government feels a very proper reluctance to increase the number of judges, unless the increase must be made if the judicial business of the country is to go on. There has in recent years been a very large increase in the number of judges. There are the new Law Lords, the paid members of the Privy Council, the four new Justices of Appeal, the new Vice-Chancellor. There is a natural fear lest, if the Bar is called on to supply more judges than it now supplies, the quality of the Bench may deteriorate. It has been argued, and apparently in humble earnest and not in the spirit of covert irony, that there can be no difficulty in finding good judges, as any plain man with good sense and decent manners and a little knowledge of law will be as good a judge as there is any real occasion to have. If so, of course the whole difficulty vanishes; as, no doubt, the Bar could supply the Government with at least a hundred good judges every year. But it is not strange that a Chancellor should have a more exalted notion of what is required in a judge. He may have, and probably must have, occasionally to adopt this cynical view of the requisite qualities of a judge in order to reconcile himself to rewarding political supporters by a judgeship. But, on the whole, each Chancellor in turn likes to make good judges. Lord CAIRNS has, for example, just given himself the satisfaction of disregarding political ties altogether, and of looking only to the eminence of qualifications. Sir JAMES STEPHEN has rendered the nation, and more lately the Ministry, a great service by making the Criminal Code possible, and if a judgeship is to be looked on as a reward, there could not be a reward better merited. But it is something much more than a reward. It implies, or ought to imply, an effort to benefit the country by the selection of the best man for the place that can be got. In Sir JAMES STEPHEN the CHANCELLOR has found a judge who may be confidently expected to make a really strong judge. It is difficult to say how such expectations can be better warranted than by the union of varied knowledge, a practised art of putting things intelligibly, an acquaintance with law as it is administered not only in England, but in India, the grasp of principles implied in the construction of a Code, a strong will, indefatigable industry, and perfect independence.

#### THE BANK LOTTERIES.

THE lotteries which it is proposed to set up in aid of the liquidation of the City of Glasgow and the West of England Banks will certainly deserve to be recorded among the curiosities of human inconsistency. The second and smaller of the two may be dismissed without

further comment. The project has obviously been started in imitation of the more important scheme in the North, and will, in the event of that larger scheme coming to nothing, not be persevered with. Even if the idea had first been started in Devonshire, it would have been less remarkable than the same idea coming from Glasgow. If the mischiefs of the proposal were less serious, the notion that a project for reviving lotteries should owe its existence to Scotchmen would be full of humour. It is not often that we find such a strange series of contradictions between character and action. The spectacle of a cautious people encouraging the most dangerous form of speculation, of a people supposed to reverence law setting an Act of Parliament at defiance, of a religious people mixing up charity and gambling, and doing and encouraging evil in order that good, in the shape of money, may come to certain unfortunate bankrupts, is really almost without a parallel. The only explanation that can be suggested is that much loss of money has turned their heads. If they have not lost it themselves they have seen others lose it, and the prospect is too melancholy, they think, not to make anything permissible which promises, in however slight a degree, to take it out of their sight.

The first fallacy that needs to be got rid of in connexion with this subject is the supposed sanctification of the project by the goodness of the object to which the profits are to be devoted. This theory is at once disposed of by the fact that the profits of the Government lotteries which were made illegal in 1826 were devoted to a most excellent object. If there are to be lotteries at all, there can be no reason why the country at large should not have the benefit of them. If 3,000,000*l.* can be raised by a lottery to pay the debts of the shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank, why should not a similar sum be raised, if possible, every year to pay off the National Debt, or to increase the national revenue? There is absolutely no answer to this question. If charity is a good reason for holding a lottery, patriotism is an equally good one. If the poor shareholder is a legitimate object of pity, and, being such, may legitimately be helped by a lottery, the poor taxpayer has precisely the same claim. It is impossible logically to defend the Glasgow project and yet approve of the Act of 1826. If lotteries are only bad when they are held for bad objects, they should only be prohibited when they are held for bad objects. Probably the authors of the scheme are not prepared to go this length. They would like to claim exemption from the law for themselves, and for themselves only. But if a lottery be permitted for one charitable object, it will be exceedingly invidious to forbid it for another. There are always abundance of schemes sorely in want of money, and every ticket which is bought for the Glasgow lottery will be an incentive to the supporters of these schemes to copy the Glasgow example. In this way we shall arrive at a state of things which would reproduce all the evils of the prohibited State lotteries without any compensation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Charity not unfrequently flags for want of some interest beside and beyond itself, and the news that the charm of a little speculation was to be had, in addition to the pleasure of relieving distress, would have an irresistible attraction for bored benevolence. In this way the disasters arising from the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank would go on multiplying themselves in continually wider circles.

The truth probably is that the long disuse of lotteries has made Englishmen forget the evils of them. One of the first questions which would be addressed to an objector by the authors of this present scheme would probably be whether he never played a game of cards, or had never risked a napoleon at a foreign gaming-table? Those who reason in this way forget that there may be many acts which are quite harmless in the particular case and yet exceedingly injurious to the community if the particular cases become numerous. To buy a ticket in a lottery is just as innocent in itself as to play a game of loo or to bet on a racehorse. Provided that a man has the money to lose, and that the man who will have to pay him if he wins has also the money to lose, the question whether they shall lose it in this particular way must be decided on the principles which ordinarily govern the spending of money in amusement. But there is no doubt whatever that, in proportion as playing at loo or betting on racehorses became general in a community, the morals of the community would suffer, and consequently the State does wisely in forbidding these amusements in public places. The same rule applies

to lotteries. Why should the law prevent a man from spending 1*l.* or 5*l.* in a ticket half the proceeds of which will go to a charitable object and half to the creation of prizes, which he will have a chance of winning? Simply because it is known that, if one man is allowed to spend his money in this way, other men must equally be allowed to do it; and for one man who can do it without injury to himself or to others, there will be ten or twenty who will do themselves and others very great injury. The originators of this Glasgow lottery may be, and probably are, altogether free from the temptation to spend all the money they can scrape together in the purchase of lottery tickets; but they will not be the only or even the principal purchasers. The tickets, if they are publicly sold, will be taken by numbers of men and women to whom 5*l.* or even 1*l.* is a serious matter. They cannot lose it without some one who is dependent on them being the worse for it, and for every one who saves his stake there must of course be numbers who will lose it. The law can hardly be turned to better purpose than in discouraging enterprises of this mischievous kind. If the Glasgow lottery is allowed to go on, it will certainly not remain a solitary case. Lotteries will become the most popular form of charity, because no other will so well minister alike to the sentimental and the speculative tendencies of the time.

It may even be said that, of all forms of speculation, lotteries are the most dangerous. They are so because the risk of loss is strictly limited. If a man could be sure that in a Stock Exchange speculation he would lose only the particular sum he arranged to lose, while having the chance of gaining very much more, the number of speculative transactions would be immeasurably increased. What deters him is the difficulty of calculating his loss; the uncertainty whether he may not in a week or two's time find himself poorer, not by 10*l.*, or 20*l.*, or 50*l.*, but by ten or twenty times these sums. A lottery provides precisely the kind and amount of certainty which is wanting on the Stock Exchange. Each ticket costs a specified sum, and though a man may have a hundred tickets, he cannot lose more than what he has paid for them. On the other hand, with every fresh ticket bought the chance of winning a considerable, perhaps an enormous, prize increases. The purchaser does not consider that even if he holds a hundred tickets his chance of winning one of the exceptional prizes is still infinitesimal; he only remembers that it is greater than it was when he held fewer. In this way the possession of one lottery-ticket becomes an infallible incentive to the purchase of others. And upon whom does this incentive tell with the greatest force? Upon those, of course, to whom the making of money, except by a piece of pure luck, is most impossible. The man who sees no chance of ever getting more than 200*l.* a year is the predestined victim of a lottery. If the members of the Glasgow lottery had only remembered how large a section of the community is covered by this description, they would hardly have cared to have such a scheme upon their consciences. The harm that would be done in the effort to abate the consequences of the Bank failure might be infinitely greater than the harm wrought by the failure itself. The latter at all events does not involve the shareholders in crime. If they lose all that they have, they can at least remain honest. But a lottery on the gigantic scale now proposed is almost certain to involve some of those who take part of it in crime. Here and there the temptation to buy a ticket which may put the lucky purchaser above the reach of poverty for the rest of his life will be irresistible, and the only means of yielding to it may lie through theft in some one of the many forms in which the thief calculates upon being able to put back the money before it is missed. If Glasgow benevolence must encourage gambling, it would on the whole be less mischievous to open a public gaming-table.

#### PROTECTION FOR RETAIL INDUSTRY.

THE correspondence which has filled so many columns of the *Daily Telegraph* on the question of Co-operative Stores is an extremely curious one. Some of the tradesmen who carry it on profess the most unabashed protectionism, without apparently in the least suspecting it. No man perhaps can be expected to realize the fact that he is of no use to the community,

and there are large numbers of shopkeepers to whom it evidently has never occurred that, if there were rather fewer of them, there would be more business and larger profits for those who remained. The fallacy that a country is the richer because a class which would otherwise be producing something else is aided by the Government in producing that which can be produced at less cost elsewhere is at least plausible. But the fallacy that a country would be richer if the distributing class were kept unnaturally large is so transparent, that it is strange it should have imposed upon even the most ignorant contributor to this correspondence. For shopkeepers to ask Parliament to put down Co-operative Stores is just as reasonable as though horseddealers should ask for the suppression of all shops which employed men instead of horses to carry out their goods. The less money is spent in the mere distribution of goods the better for society. Distributors add nothing to the wealth of the community. They are nothing more than a charge submitted to in consideration of the convenience which the payment of it secures. Nor can there be any doubt, except in the minds of shopkeepers driven to fury by the spectacle of successful co-operation, that the limits of this convenience have long ago been overstepped. Indeed in their calmer moments the shopkeepers themselves are quite willing to raise the complaint that there are too many of them. It is only the public by which these unnecessary dealers have to be supported that is not allowed to dispense with services which it does not think worth the cost. The writers of some of these letters might profitably employ their next holiday in counting the number of grocers or haberdashers in a single London street, and then considering how all of them can possibly live. If the question is honestly put, the answer must be that they cannot live except by charging exorbitant prices. Not that their prices are necessarily exorbitant if compared with their profits. It is the vice of having a superabundance of distributors that the public is fleeced to enable a number of unnecessary shopkeepers just to make two ends meet. If a thousand pounds of tea or a thousand yards of ribbon are to be sold, and there are three grocers or haberdashers instead of one to sell them, it is plain that the prices charged by the three must be higher than those which any one of them could afford to charge if he had no competitors.

It is this fact that enables large shops to undersell small ones. For it is not the Co-operative Stores only that are making war upon the retail tradesmen. They have foes in their own household. The number of large London shops which do business by correspondence in various parts of the country has greatly increased of late years, and it is plain that, assuming these to be driving a profitable trade in the first instance, the cost of thus extending it bears a very small proportion to the additional profits. In point of fact, many of the complaining shopkeepers are guilty of the very same offence which they charge against the Co-operative Stores. Those of them who live out of town are often to be seen carrying home a basket containing fish bought at a shop near Cannon Street or London Bridge. If they were told that in the suburb in which they live there is a struggling fishmonger who makes a poor livelihood by carrying fish round in a cart, they would say that by buying it at a large London shop they get it better and cheaper. And if they were further asked why they get it better and cheaper, they would answer that, in calculating his prices, the local fishmonger has to include the additional cost of distribution. If there were no other way of getting fish in this particular suburb the inhabitants would have to pay the higher price. But when the master of the house goes to London every day, and can bring fish home, this additional cost is a purely unnecessary cost. The case of the retail shopkeeper and the Stores is an exact parallel to this. The man who subscribes to a Store does not get what he wants at the neighbouring shop because the shopkeeper has to live, and because, where there are hundreds doing work which could very well be done by tens, he can only live by making his customers pay the cost of his livelihood in the shape of higher prices. If time is an object, it may be cheaper in the long run to pay these higher prices; but though time may be an object to the subscriber himself, it probably is no object to his wife. The care of the household stands to her in the place of a profession, and there is consequently no reason why she should not go to the Stores as often as she has to give an order. Besides this, orders



to tradesmen are largely given by letter. In theory, this way of buying may be less economical than ordering in person. But in practice, ordering in person has very much come to mean ordering in the person of the cook, which is not always an economical method. If a letter has to be written, distance makes little difference as regards the execution of the order. If the retail shopkeepers could possibly succeed in putting down Co-operative Stores, they would undoubtedly find that they had been benefiting a small minority of their own body. There would be joy in Mincing Lane, but things would be no better at Camberwell or Notting Hill.

The discussion in the daily newspapers has largely turned on the possibility of the retail shopkeepers making head against the competition of the Co-operative Stores. It is contended, on the one side, that, provided that they will lower their prices, give no credit, and be particular as to the quality of the articles they sell, tradesmen will naturally beat amateurs. People have wandered away to Co-operative Stores because the ordinary shopkeeper does not give a sufficient discount for ready money, and sometimes makes almost a favour of taking it; and because he is not always above selling adulterated goods. Let the shopkeeper mend his ways in these respects; let him refuse credit altogether, or at all events give the customer the full benefit of his prompt payment, and let him set his face against adulteration, and he will soon find that he can beat the Stores. On the other side, it is maintained that the conductors of a Co-operative Store can be content with just covering working expenses, because they derive their own incomes from other sources, whereas the tradesman has no other means of living, and must therefore make profit enough to keep his wife and family over and above the working expenses. Of course, if it is true that the number of distributors in England is altogether disproportionate to the real need for them, those who cheer the tradesman in this way are only doing him harm. Unpleasant truths do not become pleasanter by being kept back from those whom they concern. But, supposing the number of distributors to have been reduced within reasonable limits, this kind of consolation is perfectly in place. It is not true that the shareholders in a Co-operative Store are satisfied if the expenses of the Store are just covered. They always expect five per cent. for their money, and in some cases they have divided a good deal more. No doubt the shopkeeper may object that he cannot afford to be content with five per cent. on his capital, because, besides finding the money, he finds skill and supervision, and even actual work in the shop. This argument, however, leaves out of sight the fact that skill and supervision and actual work in the shop cannot be dispensed with in a Co-operative Store. Much of what the shopkeeper regards as profit is really payment for time, labour, and skill, and the only difference between the shop and the Store is that the purchase of time, labour, and skill is included among the working expenses. The conductors of a Store may only make five per cent. on their capital; but the reason why they need make no more is that, instead of themselves contributing the knowledge and industry required to make the concern prosper, they pay others to contribute it. The shopkeeper is spared this expense. Being himself an expert, he is the less obliged to employ experts, and the money which goes to pay this and similar items in the expenses of a Co-operative Store comes to the shopkeeper as profits over and above the interest on his capital. In reason, then, there is still abundance of room left for retail traders. If, instead of calling upon Parliament to work impossibilities on their behalf, they will frankly set themselves to give the public what they think they get at the Stores, the more energetic among them will certainly find that there is no want of customers capable of being tempted by the undoubtedly superior conveniences which shops have to offer.

#### EBB AND FLOW.

WE have all been taught from our cradles that there is a tide in our affairs, and that it is our wisdom to take it at the flow. But we are not, in our youth at least, encouraged to look equally for the flowing of the tide in ourselves, or to take advantage of it. Doing things by fits and starts is severely discouraged by teachers. And very naturally; for it would be exceedingly inconvenient to them to have to wait for the rising tides of their pupils' inclinations, the laws of which would be harder to calculate than those by which any of the earth's waters rise and fall. But

when we have become our own governors we are soon forced to recognize the fact that our nature is subject in almost all directions to fluctuations, more or less periodical, and not by any means easily controlled by the will. What we cannot control we must study, and make allowance for.

Temperaments seem to differ very widely in the degree in which they require intervals of intermission from labour. Not to speak of the familiar varieties of constitution with regard to sleep, there is no doubt a similar variety with regard to the power of continuing any one kind of effort for months or years. We have all heard accounts, which sound almost fabulous to ordinary minds, of writers of fiction who, as one novel is ended, begin another with no more ceremony than their neighbours make of taking a fresh sheet of paper. We see constantly before our eyes the manufacture of some kinds of intellectual tissue which proceeds as uninterruptedly as if by machinery. If the product in such cases is not generally of the very highest type, the facility of unintermitting production is almost as wonderful a thing in its way as the power of occasional soaring which belongs to a different order of minds. The minds which produce great works at long intervals may, however, possess, for aught we know, as great a power of continuous labour as those which turn out mental shoddy by the yard. Only the power is more complex; and if we may hazard a guess about such matters, we should suppose that its flow even when steadiest was likely to be composed, as it were, of many currents, which so give place to each other as to afford intervals of relaxation for each. In any great work of imagination, for instance, the creative effort must be much more rapid and transient than the labour of working out details, so that the imagination may fold its wings for a long rest while the hand is carrying out its orders. A highly-organized mind is like a great ship which pursues its appointed course without pause, though the officers sleep by turns. Smaller craft may have to lie to altogether while the fishermen take their rest.

Without attempting to judge how far the highest powers are likely to be intermittent, we will be content with the safer and more practical statement that powers which are naturally intermittent will not yield their best fruit if urged to too continuous exertion. There are few more delicate points to be observed in cultivating our own or our children's minds than the right allowance to be made for fluctuations of energy. We are right in discouraging capricious intermissions, but no sensible parent fails to provide sufficient intermissions of a regular kind. Later in life the question of how to deal with fluctuations becomes much more difficult, and not less important. Our powers fluctuate, and our feelings fluctuate, and not only in our affairs, but in our relations with each other, there are tides of which the ebb often fills us with unnecessary dismay. Much discouragement and misunderstanding might be prevented if the laws of these tides of the moral and intellectual world were better understood. A familiar instance, though some of us are loth to recognize its existence, is the fluctuating nature of most friendships. Such is the crudeness of our idea of constancy that many people fancy themselves guilty of some degree of unkindness if they find their appetite for some dear friend's society occasionally failing them. As reasonably might we blame our digestions for a similar failure of appetite recurring daily after dinner. The trouble is that in friendship the ebb-tides do not generally keep time on both shores; nor do they even occur with sufficient regularity to be announced beforehand. All that can be done by people whose disposition is markedly tidal is to recognize once for all the fact that their feelings will vary, and that such variations need not in the slightest degree depend upon any change in the source from which they spring, or even in their permanent average amount. Mere ebb and flow is a phenomenon which depends upon complicated relations with a system in which our own individual life, and therefore *à fortiori* our affection for any one person, is but a minute feature. Some people are much more open to these influences from the universe than others. It is idle to attempt to treat such susceptibility as matter for either praise or blame, though all susceptibilities doubtless call for the exercise of firm self-control, and call too often in vain.

People whose feelings are liable to wide and rapid oscillations have a troublesome task, not only in regulating them, but in giving any account of themselves. Those who are naturally given, not only to oscillation, but to introspection and self-expression, probably find much amusement in framing their reports of their experiences and laying them before the outer world. They may occasionally be troubled with twinges of misgiving as to the perfect compatibility of the various "sides of truth" which at different times they are called upon to exhibit. They are thus furnished with a key to many of the apparent inconsistencies of others, who, not being perhaps blessed with any great self-registering faculties, can do justice to their variations of feeling only by a series of contradictory utterances. Nothing is more comfortable in a fit of reaction against one's most cherished ties than to fall in with a friend who not only knows what it is to blow hot and cold, but has a cheerful conviction that an occasional change of partners in the dance of life brings refreshment to all concerned, and rather helps than hinders fidelity in the long run. In truth, it is for the sake of steadiness, of constancy, of perseverance in everything good, that we would encourage the giving free play to those variations of feeling which, like the tides, are really subject to laws as constant, and doubtless as beneficent, as those which produce cohesion. The mere use of these obvious metaphors reminds us that it is the same force of attraction which

keeps the stone in its place and draws the waters upwards in their season. It would be the height of presumption for us to fix the degree of fluidity which is allowable or desirable in human character. But to attempt to restrain a naturally fluid and fluctuating nature within the limits proper to a more rigid one is a mistake so easily made, so common, and so disastrous that we wonder that it is not more distinctly recognized by moralists. Somebody said it was a pity the devil should have all the best tunes, and surely it is a pity that the path downhill should have all the variety.

If our mental changes were, like the ebb and flow of the sea, only a perpetual alternation of different phases of almost equal beauty and interest, there would perhaps be little need to plead for their acceptance as inevitable. But our fluctuations distress and discourage us because unfortunately they are too often more like those of a tidal river, leaving bare unsightly margins on either side of the shrunken stream. Too often the stream of life and of activity seems not to change its place, but to contract its volume. We long not for a change of society, but for solitude. Our pleasure not only in one particular friend, but in friendship, seems to fail us. The objects of our endeavour and hope seem to dwindle in size or to move further off, and their hold upon us relaxes accordingly, leaving the burden of progress to press too heavily for our strength. It would be idle to pretend that there are not real, as well as apparent, failures of the very springs of life. The dwindling of our stream may be caused, not by a mere tidal fluctuation, but by the ebbing away of the fountain itself. All that can be said is that we ought never to be hasty, and that we are continually tempted to be hasty, in concluding that this is so. A mere lessening of power or of pleasure in any pursuit ought not to discourage us until we have given ourselves abundance of time for the ebb and flow to take place. It is one of the great advantages of experience that it enables us confidently to look for the return of the tide.

It may not be the case that steady powers are always, or even generally, of a lower order than those which are comparatively intermittent; but it must, we think, almost necessarily be the case that the most intense feeling comes only in waves. Human nature could not bear the strain of feeling at once very highly wrought and quite continuous. Most of us are familiar with the unexpected intervals of insensibility which come to relieve the pressure of acute sorrow. Grief which retained its hold of the mind without any such intermissions would, if severe, partake of the nature of madness; or, at any rate, would soon produce it. And either grief or joy, if intense, tends in most minds to bring about some degree of reaction. Religious biography abundantly shows how inevitably those natures which are capable of rising to heights of rapture sink back at intervals into corresponding depths of gloom. A moderate amount of self-knowledge leads people of this temperament to tremble at any unusual elevation of spirit, knowing well that it is the prelude to days of darkness. And the days of darkness are apt to last longer than the bright visions which usher them in. Perhaps also a certain natural instinct of self-preservation warns people of very emotional temperament to be on their guard against any violent fluctuations of feeling. Some degree of variation and intermission may be natural and wholesome, but instinctively we all feel that equanimity is a great good. It is only in so far as feeling can be made to yield a steady light that we can trust it as a guide for action. If it persists in fluctuating we must learn to strike an average for practical purposes.

Perhaps no human being is quite without tidal fluctuations of some kind, however they may be hidden under a uniform crust of manner and habits. We all admire the stubborn determination which pursues its course without regard to any failure of inclination; but some admiration is also due to the skill which makes every fluctuation serve its turn. Self-command is a fine thing, and so is versatility. It is useless to ignore the forces which we cannot control. And if there is danger and inconvenience in the fluctuations of feeling which belong to certain temperaments, it is undeniable that much of the picturesqueness of human nature depends upon its ebb and flow. People so self-controlled or so evenly balanced by nature that they always appear to be at a uniform level of feeling lose as much in impressiveness as does the Mediterranean sea for want of tides. They never rise to the pitch of eloquence either in words or action which belongs to the more impulsive type; and their even tenor leaves no room for the witchery of uncertain expectation by which some natures hold us spell-bound. As the dropping of water will wear away stones, so the rising and falling of spirits tends, up to a certain point, to deepen sympathy by repeated impressions. Beyond that point, it is true, it may wear it out.

#### THE PYRAMIDS REVISITED.

IT is only after repeated inspection that an adequate idea is obtained of the so-called Pyramid-field. Familiarity brings the most wonderful sights into their proper perspective. After a third or fourth visit, the bigness of the Pyramid of Shoofoo no longer weighs upon the mind, the height of the Pyramid of Chafra no longer overshadows it. The whole platform begins to assume its true aspect. It is the Kenzal Green of Memphis. The traveller who comes to Egypt with a preformed theory about the Great Pyramid and its purpose, and who canters out from Cairo on a gliding day, is dragged up to the top, hustled through pas-

sages of the diameter of a gas-pipe, alternately exposed to the brightest sunshine and the blackest darkness, who is next hurried down across the hot sand to stare at the Sphinx, and finally chased through the dust by a yelling donkey-boy the long seven miles back to Cairo, supposes he has thoroughly "done" the whole thing. He fondly imagines that in all his after life he will be an authority on Pyramids, and will be capable in the home circle, if not in a wider sphere, of giving a valuable opinion on the theory of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Smyth. We need not be surprised if he pronounces strongly in its favour. The performance he has gone through is calculated alike to fatigue his body and confuse his mind. His attention has been wholly concentrated on the Great Pyramid. Its height, its rugged stones, the vociferations of the Arab guides, the giddiness which the steep slope or the sun's rays induced when he was on the summit, the broken shin acquired in the exploration of the interior, the temporary blindness after he came out, the grand chorus of backsheesh which signaled his departure, and a thousand other impressions equally vivid, mingle admirably with the ignorance or prejudice he brought out, and conduce to the formation of what he boasts is a cool and unwarped opinion. He has certainly seen something, superficially, of one Pyramid; but what did he see of the nine or ten which are near it, of the fifty-nine which are further off? He has not read, supposing he could read, a single hieroglyph. He has not the vaguest knowledge of early Egyptian history. He is perfectly certain that the world was created B.C. 4004, and believes that the odd four years were part of the original revelation. He has probably never heard of Justus Lipsius, certainly never of M. Lieblein. He is not acquainted with the name of a single Pyramid, and has no more knowledge of the table of Sakkara or the table of Abydos than of the Turin papyrus. He considers it best to keep his mind free and unfettered, and is all the more positive as to what he imagines he does know. The man who, after a personal visit to the cemetery of Ghizeh, can continue in the nurture and admonition of those who believe in the Sacred Cubit, the Time-passage theory, the meteorological theory, or any other tenet of the sect of which Mr. Smyth is presumably the prophet, must have been convinced on evidence very different from the evidence of the senses. We should be sorry to disturb a faith which is so wholly ethereal that it is independent of facts, and whose votaries are as much beyond the influence of argument as of plain proof.

Rightly understood, a Pyramid is neither more nor less than a cairn. It grew up from a cairn, and it was resolved into a cairn again. When it first emerges on the stage of history it is sufficiently rude and incomplete. If antiquaries are right in ascribing the Pyramid in steps at Sakkara to Ouenephes, a king of the first dynasty, this is by far the oldest building in the world; but, in spite of some recent assertions to the effect that his name has been found in it, the point is more than doubtful. Ouenephes lived at least as long before Shoofoo as William the Conqueror lived before Queen Anne. It is certainly recorded by Manetho that he built Pyramids; and, further, that they were situated at a place called Kochoe, which M. Brugsch identifies with the northern part of the cemetery of Sakkara. Many heaps, more or less well defined, exist here, and any of them may be the Pyramids of Ouenephes as well as the Pyramid in steps. There is an irreconcilable discrepancy between the two passages of Manetho in which, under the name of Ouenephes, he speaks of the first Pyramids, and under Kaiechos, more than a century later, of the first setting-up of the sacred bulls, if this Pyramid was built, as has sometimes been supposed, for an Apis mausoleum. In fact it differs so much, with its four entrances, its thirty chambers, but chiefly in its not facing the points of the compass, from all the seventy Pyramids found here and elsewhere, that it must be looked upon as belonging to a wholly different class from the ordinary funeral monuments of kings. If the votaries of the Pyramid religion want a building which may perhaps not be a tomb, and which may have been built with a theological object, or as a record of faith for the benefit of posterity, let them turn to this remarkable and anomalous heap of stones. It will answer their purposes far better than one among a well-defined class of unquestionably sepulchral cairns. All the Pyramids except this one face the four cardinal points of the compass. All have but one entrance, and that on the north side. All contain provision for a single king's burial. Many are identified with the names of kings of whom it is recorded that they did build Pyramids in various places; and the Great Pyramid is, without any doubt which a reasonable man can entertain, the burial mound of one of a long line of kings who all erected similar mounds. In the lists it is not even distinguished by a name differing in character from the others. If we identify it, as we may very safely do, with Shoofoo, the second king of the fourth dynasty, and therefore the third king, possibly the fourth, who built a Pyramid or Pyramids, we find that it was only called the "Splendid," while to the Pyramid of Chafra is given the name of the "Great." To make more of it than a mausoleum, a royal "folly," involves making something at least of the Pyramids which succeeded it, and a great deal of those which preceded it. It happens to be the broadest, if not the highest, of those in the same group; it is by far the most conspicuous, owing to its situation on a corner of the plateau and in advance of its companions, so that the visitor from Cairo sees it before he sees any other. Travellers who have penetrated to the much more remote Maydoum report that the great building in stages which the Arabs name "Haram el Kedab" is even more imposing, no doubt



on account of its lonely situation and the absence of smaller monuments by which to measure it. Though it stands on no such elevated platform as that of Gheezeh, and though it rises but 122 feet above the heap of *débris* which surrounds it, yet it is only by actual measurement that one is convinced that it does not surpass, nay does not equal, in dimensions the Pyramid of Menkaura. The tomb of Shoofoo has, therefore, an adventitious advantage enjoyed by few of its neighbours in being the first we see, as well as really the largest. To this fact, almost as much as to its actual size, we must attribute the effect it produces on the minds of people who have never seen a Pyramid before. In truth, to the superficial observer it appears to hide all other Pyramids, and it is not until a second or third visit that he perceives that it is at present only a foot higher in actual masonry, and considerably lower in real height above the level of the river, than the adjoining Pyramid of Chafra. Had Chafra's Pyramid been at the edge of the platform, had it been the first seen by the visitor, and had the true relative proportions of the two been unknown, it may safely be questioned whether the Pyramid of Shoofoo would have become a subject of so much industrious, if futile, speculation. In the researches of early investigators this is very apparent. Champollion, for example, only examined one tomb in the whole necropolis, and Rosellini the same. All attention was engrossed by the monument of Shoofoo. It was reserved for Herr Lepsius to examine eighty tombs here, and to find the remains of no less than sixty-seven Pyramids.

The word "Pyramid" has been a matter of considerable questioning among antiquaries. A great authority derives it from the ancient Egyptian form *Abumer*, a great tomb, of which the Greeks transposed the syllables, just as they turned *Hor-en-Khoo*, the title of the Sphinx, into *Armachis*, and *Sestura* into *Sesostris*. This is more than plausible; but the name has also been derived from *Pi-Rama*, the mountain, and, as if to give Mr. Smyth the shadow of an excuse, from *puros*, wheat, and *metron*, a measure. So, too, *pur*, fire, and *pyramis*, a pointed cake, have been suggested, and a hieroglyphic expression has been read, or attempted to be read, as *br-br*. We cannot so far, however, say for certain whether the Egyptians of the ancient Empire had any general name for such buildings, though every king's tomb had its own title, and in the picture writing a triangle represented, as determinative, all kinds of royal burial places, whether, like the grave of Unas, they were merely square platforms, or, like the southernmost monument at Dashoor, were almost dome-shaped. Upwards of twenty of these titles are found in the printed list of M. Lieblein, a Norwegian antiquary. They all betray the unbounded admiration in which each king held his own last resting place, and illustrate remarkably the real nature of the Egyptian faith in a life, not beyond, so much as actually in, the grave. Snoferoo called his Pyramid "the Crown"; that of Asseskef is "Refreshment"; that of Pepi, the "Lovely Place," a name identical with the name of Memphis itself. Teti, perhaps playing on his own name, called his Pyramid *Tetsetu*, "the Most Abiding of Places." Others are the "Rising of the Soul," the "Most Holy Place," the "Good Rising," the "Beautiful," the "Great and Fair," the "Pure Place," the "Place of Rest"; while the monument, already mentioned, of Unas, which the Arabs call the Mastabat el Pharon, is described as the "Best Place"; and the unidentified tomb of Noferkara as the "Abode of Life." Such are the evidences, among others, that to the men of that remote time—a time variously estimated as seven, six, and five thousand years ago—death was not looked upon with the horror which in later ages invested the grave with ideas of gloom, and recorded rather the despair of mourners than the rest of the departed. Near each Pyramid was the temple consecrated to the worship, or at least the honour, of the sleeping divinity of the Pharaoh. The foundations are still visible of such temples near the Pyramids of Chafra, Menkaura, and Raenuser. Even in the days of the Ptolemies the endowments which some of the oldest kings had conferred upon the priests of their shrines continued to enrich officials who after the lapse of some four thousand years perhaps enjoyed sinecures. In these temples, no doubt, once existed the name, and perhaps a record, of the glorious deeds of the monarch buried near; but, though the nameless tomb remains in so many cases, the temple has everywhere disappeared, and writings to which Manetho probably had access have been lost for ever. No inscriptions remain on any Pyramid. Herodotus tells us of the hieroglyphs on the Pyramid of Shoofoo. He curiously observes that they give the sum expended in supplying the workmen with onions and garlic; a statement from which we may hazard the conjecture, more than probable in itself, that the king's titles, as lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, were engraved with the lotus, the papyrus, and the bulbous plant, which in other places enter so largely into similar inscriptions.

Historically speaking, the Pyramids, apart from their antiquity, are of the highest interest. They represent a time of profound peace. They point to the existence of a dominant race, and of a race which could be called on for unlimited labour. They tell us little of the finer arts, in sculpture and painting, which even then flourished, but much of skill in engineering, quarrying, building as distinguished from architecture, and all that could be done by mere multitudes working together and bringing brute force to bear on stubborn materials. Whatever of higher art those early kings lavished on their "fair resting-places," whatever of portraiture and painting, of gold and jewels, of carving and ornament, of epitaphs and funeral odes they could command, were bestowed on the temple; the tomb itself was vast, solid, enduring, but nothing more. In the aftertime, when the kings of the twelfth dynasty fought

against the Northern strangers, when Aahmes led his people against the Shepherds, when Seti I. subdued the Hittites and his grandson pursued Israel, when fortresses and treasure cities, Pi-Tum and Rameses, had to be built on the border, we no longer hear of such great cairns as the Pyramids. The tombs in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes, great as they are, required rather skilled labour than mere force. No vast multitude was needed to decorate them. The peaceful artist and his staff worked quietly in the dark corridors, while the people whose ancestors had heaped up the tombs of the older Pharaohs now followed the later Pharaohs to the battle-field. A smaller waste of human life than that by which Bonaparte ruined France would have built him a Pyramid greater than Shoofoo's. But the Pyramid-builders had neither enemies abroad nor rivals at home. A comparison of the different Pyramid-fields, and a little research into documentary evidence about them, bring out one fact very clearly in opposition to many recent theorists. The dynasties under which they were erected were successive, not contemporaneous. It was not as their rivals, but as their successors, that the kings of the fourth dynasty made their tombs beside those of the third, and the kings of the sixth dynasty beside those of the fifth. The last Mentuhotep of the eleventh dynasty was probably descended from Snoferoo, or possibly from Ouenephes, with as much directness as Queen Victoria from our Angevin Kings or the early Athelings of Wessex.

#### FANCY BALLS.

FANCY balls are institutions which probably owe their existence to the vanity of men and to the hideousness of men's modern dress. Mr. Darwin and others have proved that, among the less highly developed animals, the male is the more conceited, and has the gaudier coat. Even among those inhabitants of sunny islands who have not yet seen the need of clothing, the men are much more conscientiously and elaborately tattooed than the women, who have only a few decorative cuts about the corners of their mouths. The civilization of the nineteenth century has changed this, and the dress of man, especially the dress which he wears in the evening, causes him poignant but secret sorrow. He makes many feeble efforts to console himself, and in the gaudy cricketing and boating costumes of the clerk, the undergraduate, and the subaltern, the natural vanity and the crude barbaric taste of man may easily be recognized by the philosopher. It is a pleasant thing to go to the Lillie Bridge running grounds when the young gentlemen of some one of the monstrous shops are holding their yearly athletic contest. They gleam in bright blue; they flash past you on the rapid bicycle, in purple and green, before the eyes of their lady friends and of reporters. In the country, too, men can venture to be themselves. In *Lothair*, Lord Beaconsfield describes with sympathy and admiration the costumes of noble guests. They array themselves in velvet knickerbockers, with purple stockings, and scarlet neckties, fastened with rings of gold. Every one remembers the Persian apparatus, the Oriental magnificence of the dressing-gowns and smoking-coats worn by Guy Livingstone's men. They were alone by themselves in the smoking-room; for in those innocent old days, when Mr. Lawrence was thought a daring writer, ladies had not invaded that sacred place. Alone they were, yet they peacocked it and flaunted it for their common delight in garments so fanciful and gay that it is a pleasure to read about them. A man thinks of them with inward comfort on a foggy day, when he is dressed in drab and black, as he thinks of some hours of sunshine, the gift of a departed summer.

What men would like is manifest enough; they would like to vie with women in colours and stuffs, in velvet and silk and cloth of gold. We flatter ourselves we could know what are the best sorts of lace if we gave our minds to it, and that the taste of men in this matter is not dead, but dormant. Oliver Goldsmith and La Fontaine, the most careless and not the cleanest of mortals, ruined themselves for peach-coloured coats and for Venice point. The loveliest dirty ruffles fell over those inky fingers of La Fontaine, and his dubious shirt had the most exquisite collar, which duchesses envied. Men are not degenerate; they are as vain as ever, as anxious to display their charms in what they think a proper setting. It is the way of the world, and a commercial civilization that is against them. Lace ruffles would interfere with business; the mud and dust and smoke and soot of London would ruin the velvets and satins and the embroideries of silver. Men are compelled to wear the cloth of frieze instead of the cloth of gold; but they do not relish the necessity. Hence come Fancy Balls, which are mere luxuries to women, who, in a harlequin age of imitations, can wear almost any dress they please. If a lady likes, she may buy three stout pieces of merino, whirl herself into them, and appear in the costume of one of those maidens of Tanagra in Boeotia whose terra-cotta effigies are so beautiful and so expensive. The experiment perhaps has its risks, and nothing can exceed the anxiety of the spectators, who cannot imagine how the Tanagra dress is held together. The Dictionary of Classical Antiquities gives the vaguest directions; but feminine ingenuity can triumph over learned vagueness. A lady may dress in what she believes to be the manner of Watteau's models, or like a Princess in a fairy tale, or after the pre-Raphaelite manner of Mr. Rossetti's many Beatrices; in fact, if she is the spoiled child of clever eccentricity, she can do just as

she pleases. Her lord, unluckily, cannot well go to an ordinary dinner party in the becoming attire of the age of Edward IV. or in the kilt of a member of the Albanian League. Thus Fancy Balls are found by men to be a social necessity, and when once they have determined to dress themselves up, they of course do not know how to set about it. It is for them, we presume, far more than for women, that Mr. (or Mrs.) Arden Holt has compiled a kind of dictionary of *Fancy Dresses Described* (the Queen Office), which the puzzled will find useful.

Perhaps there are not very many fresh and original costumes in the author's list, though the dress of a Stockbroker would excite remark on 'Change:—

**STOCKBROKER.**—Short pink silk skirt bordered with white satin, on which are printed the several kinds of stocks and gold coins; low bodice of pink silk, over it a low polonaise of star-spangled gauze, caught up with roses, the top of the bodice trimmed with gold coins and fringe; gold belt at the waist, gold net on the head with coins; a cornucopia carried in the hand, out of which stocks, money, and roses seem to spring; high-heeled pink shoes, black mittens.

When we have exhausted the Stockbroker, we find a good many pretty, but few novel, dresses for men. Arabs and Astrologers at once occur to the most ordinary mind. If a gentleman may appear as a Rat-catcher, with three dead rats slung on a stick, why should he not go as a Powwow or Choctaw magician, when he could adorn his person with a bear's head to cover his face, and with any number of defunct adders, asps, toads, and leeches? If you would be a Beast (in "Beauty and the Beast"), try "ruby velvet doublet, grey satin tights, ruby shoes, a leopard's skin, with claws attached to shoulder with jewels; small round ruby cap and feathers." If the Beast be so gracious, what must Beauty appear? No; to dress thus is to palter with nursery tales. The true model for the costume of a Beast should be sought in Catlin's work on the Red Indians, where there is a figure which would have the same sort of grisly success that Cholera once enjoyed at a masqued ball in Paris. Perhaps, however, Beasts, and even dead rats, would do well to abstain from attending fancy balls.

Bluebeard and Beefeater are decidedly commonplace. To go to a ball as the Earl of Bothwell (Mary Stuart's Bothwell) a guest must have no contemptible bodily presence. This is not a point about which people trouble themselves much, and the most ordinary young men will make-up as the Master of Ravenswood, or Aramis, or Richelieu, the conqueror of hearts, or the Duke of Buckingham, in his "slouch hat with plumes." Clowns, Christy Minstrels, and Cœur de Lion scarcely satisfy a "masker bold" who pines for novelty. A suit of chain-armour, too, is not well adapted to the movement of the dance, though it is interesting to learn that some people suppose Crusaders to have worn "helmets and mail coifs" at domestic entertainments. Darnley, David Garrick, and Débardeurs, with Fra Diavolo, and Dick Turpin in "high jack-boots" (how delightful it must be to dance in high jack-boots!) are not more novel than the characters whose names begin with C. Monks, postillions, and Sir Roger de Coverley mean monotony and routine. Literally there seem to be no new dresses for men, nothing at once fresh and suitable. The effective dress of the old German students described in *Spiridion* might be recommended. Men must shoulder their three dead rats, pull on their jack-boots, powder their wigs, wear "black shirts and white coats," "don" their coifs of mail, and make the best of a bad business. It is hard on them, and rather hard on their partners. Singular to say, though fancy balls exist for the sake of men, as we have shown, there are about twelve possible dresses for ladies to one possible dress for gentlemen. "Among the costumes best suited to BRUNES," we read, "are Africa, Arab Lady, Arrah-na-Pogue, Asia, Autumn, Bee, the Bride of Abydos, Diana, Druidess, Cleopatra," and so forth. We might have fancied that Africa was rather suited to a *noire* than a *brune*, but of course there are degrees of brownness. A mulatto girl might do Africa pretty well at a pinch. But consider the injustice of the whole arrangement. There are no male counterparts to these female characters. The attire of Cleopatra is described, but not that of Mark Antony. We have the details of the dress of the Bride of Abydos, but nothing is said about the young married man of that city or district. There is a Druidess, who is specially warned to wear "no tucker," a very necessary precaution. We do not think of Druidesses in tuckers. But there is no description of the costume of a Druid, which, in pictures, chiefly consists of a white beard and a sickle. We have Penelope, but not Odysseus, only Obadias (two). This is an absurd omission, as we happen to know precisely what the hero wore, whereas our information about Penelope is limited to a minute account of her necklace and earrings.

The general rule for ladies' dress is, "There is safety in tulle." "Air" is "to be carried out in white tulle, tarlatan, or gauze," and of the two Babes in the Wood, the girl, rather thoughtlessly, "wears an evening dress of white or green tulle." Aurora appears in the same accommodating material. Aurora, of course, without Tithonus, a capital character for an elderly man. Diana, if she would be classical, has to wear a "white cashmere skirt, and a loose low bodice." Nothing is said about the length of the skirt, which the goddess wore uncommonly short. The public, like Mr. Potts in *Pickwick*, "won't stand the tunic." As far as we understand the directions for the dress of an ancient Greek lady, that character must present herself in the very simplest and most elementary attire. The *chitonion* which she is told to wear may be a "Greek scarf," but Liddell and Scott think it was "a shirt, worn under the ordinary chiton." Probably neither

Liddell nor Scott really applied their minds to the practical question. Perhaps the most curious character is that of the "Musée de la Poésie." Most ladies would as soon think of dressing as the National Gallery or the British Museum. We do not recommend a gentleman, even if he can provide himself with a Man Friday, to go to a dance as Robinson Crusoe. He has to carry too much weight—namely, "green parrot on shoulder, fowling-piece, pistols, hatchet, and umbrella." Is it not almost ridiculous to suppose that, if Crusoe had taken part in a "corroboree" of friendly natives (the only form of dissipation within his reach) he would have jiggered with a hatchet, umbrella, and fowling-piece in his hands? We should think of the fitness of things when we go to a ball, and not handicap ourselves quite out of the slowest of quadrilles by carrying a small armoury. The best chance for a man seems to be to wear the costume of the *incroyables*, or of Watteau's date, and to give up the hope of seeming an historical character. If he must give himself a name, Eugène Beauharnais, or the chevalier who loved Manon Lescaut, will serve his turn. Ladies are, not wisely, of opinion that their sex, or the other, wore the same costume under Louis XV. as under Louis XIV. The dress of the earlier years of the Grand Monarque was far more simple and beautiful than that of the later reign. When all is said, ladies will find it difficult to avoid looking well, while men need to take great pains to shun silliness, anachronisms, jack-boots, and two-handed swords.

#### THE BIRMINGHAM FREE LIBRARY.

THE public Library at Birmingham, the most precious contents of which were burnt last Saturday, stands in the middle of the town, opposite to the new College—now nearly finished—on one side, and to the noble Town-hall on another. The group of buildings to which it belongs are among the few in Birmingham that possess any architectural merit, and form a grateful relief to the dingy monotony by which the town, like most of our other great seats of industry, is characterized. The regret with which all lovers of books will have read of the loss of a collection in several respects unique may be tempered to some extent by the consideration that a still wider calamity, the destruction of the adjoining buildings as well, has been avoided. At one time, indeed, in the course of the fire, the new College was threatened, but the danger happily passed away. However, consolations of this kind are rather such as comfort the minds of well-wishing bystanders than tend to soothe the pain of those who are smarting under a personal misfortune. It is greatly to the credit of the town that this public loss should be felt so keenly as a personal one. Of all the public institutions in Birmingham, the Library was the one most prized and valued. No reasonable expense has been spared to make it as complete as possible. Books have been not merely amassed, but selected with great care and discrimination. Though their number has been largely increased by private generosity, still the library has been paid for mainly, and the building entirely, out of the local rates. Week-days and Sundays alike it has been open to all, rich and poor, and has been freely used by all classes. It was one of the sights of the town which all strangers were taken to see. It was pointed to with pride as evidence that manufacturers and artisans can care for mental culture. The little room in which the Shakespeare collection stood was regarded as a sort of shrine. But, though the building will be made as good as new, and the main part of the books will in due time be replaced, many are burnt that no money can now buy. The Shakespeare library, the Staunton collection, and the Cervantes library—collections unique in their several ways, and which were felt to confer a literary distinction upon the town—have perished in the flames.

The Library was divided into two departments—the Lending Library and the Reference Library—the former of which was opened in the autumn of 1865, and the latter a year afterwards. In the Reference Library the number of books in the year 1867 amounted to over 18,000, and the issues to readers for the same year were above 44,000. In the year 1877 the number of volumes had risen to 44,500, not including 4,000 volumes of patent specifications, and the issues to readers amounted to 281,000. In other words, not only had the number of books been multiplied two and a half times in the course of ten years, but this increased number was used more than twice as much as when the Library was founded. Though the returns for last year have not been published, it is probable that at the time of the fire the Reference Library contained 48,000 volumes. The issues from the Lending Library in the year 1877 amounted to over 187,000, making a total of issues from the two of more than 468,000—an average of considerably more than a volume for every inhabitant of the borough. When one reflects how seldom an artisan can possibly have any library, however small, of his own, the good done by such an institution appears incalculable. The bulk of the readers are young men under thirty-five years of age (the age of each applicant is inserted in the form of application for books), in other words, men whose tastes have been formed by the Library. The older men, whose tastes were fixed before it was founded, are more scantily represented. The books were chosen for the Library with excellent judgment, and, apart from the special collections, included many valuable works which even persons with good private libraries of their own were glad to consult. But the reputation of the Library outside the town itself rested on the three specialties above mentioned.



The Shakspeare Memorial Library contained nearly seven thousand volumes, including 336 complete English editions, 17 complete French editions, 58 in German, 3 in Danish, 1 in Dutch, 1 in Bohemian, 3 in Italian, 4 in Polish, 2 in Russian, 1 in Spanish, 1 in Swedish, besides separate plays in Frisian, Icelandic, Hebrew, Greek, Servian, Wallachian, Welsh, and Tamil. Besides all this, there was a large mass of literature in many languages bearing on Shakspeare. It is to be hoped that some at least of these treasures may be found in a tolerable state among the ruins, but so far the fragments saved have been few. The Cervantes Collection is gone too. Nearly all the editions and translations of Don Quixote and the other works of Cervantes, many of them exceedingly rare, and most of them in the best condition, the gift of a gentleman, Mr. William Bragge, who had made the collection a principal aim of his life, were stored in the same building and have shared the same fate. And the Staunton Warwickshire Collection, the combined work of various antiquaries of the district in past and present times—which contained, in addition to a large number of books to be found elsewhere, a great quantity of original manuscripts, and of drawings and engravings of which no other copies are known—leaves behind it a gap which can never be filled up. One relic only—the manuscript record of the Gilde of St. Anne at Knowle—appears to have been saved. The loss in these special departments is of course irreparable. In the general branches of literature there is no doubt that the energy and public spirit in which the town has never been wanting will in a couple of years make the library all that it was a week ago; and the recent disaster will probably have at least the good result of causing the more valuable treasures of the collection to be more jealously guarded in the future.

It was at first reported that the steam fire-engine did not arrive till more than half an hour after it had been summoned, and that, when it did come, it was for some time useless, owing to the water-mains being frozen. It is satisfactory to learn that this is not the case. The steam-engine came as soon as it was sent for, and found plenty of water to pump up. But it appears nevertheless from the local papers that it was not sent for at all till nearly half an hour after the fire had broken out, "and not until the men of the brigade found that the fire was of such serious magnitude that they could not successfully combat it with the stand-pipes." Had the disaster, which arose from a wood-shaving catching fire as a gas-worker was thawing the frozen pipes, been dealt with at once, it would have been a simple matter enough. Fourteen persons were reading in the library when the smoke was first perceived, and a single bucket of water, we are told, would have then sufficed to put it out. It seems that a number of buckets were hanging up in the passage, but they were too high to be reached, and were only at last got at by hoisting a man up on the shoulder of another. And by the time the buckets had been handed down, and a tub of water found, the flames had gone too far. But it still remains unexplained why, when the chief treasure of the town was on fire, none but hand-engines were used for half an hour. That people should trifle in this way with a perilous conflagration, and see with how small an expenditure of water and labour it can be got under, seems inconceivable. It is the way to get a whole city burned down. Possibly some explanation may be forthcoming. An explanation is certainly needed. Imagine the National Gallery on fire, three or four hand-engines sent for, and the firemen waiting till they were fully satisfied by experiment that the flames were too strong for them before the steam extinguishers were brought on the scene. It will add not a little to the regret caused by the calamity if it should prove that it was not stopped at the outset only for want of a little common-sense and self-possession. Is it possible that Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham, the Birmingham of the intelligent working-man, is the victim of red-tape and "How not to do it"?

Only those who are familiar with the curious local patriotism which distinguishes Birmingham can understand the intensity of the grief which this misfortune has called forth. The same public spirit which created the lost library will no doubt replace it on more than the old handsome scale. The building will be restored. All the standard works will be seen again on the shelves. Other special collections will take the place of those which are gone. But to many of the inhabitants of the town the disaster will be a personal trouble which they will never forget. No man of scholarly tastes can help respecting this feeling, and wishing that the new Library may be watched over by a kinder fate than that which attended the old.

#### SNOW-DRIFTS AND THAWS.

WHEN dwellers in the mild latitudes of the Land's End are grumbling at "the hardest winter they have ever known," and marvelling at the phenomenon of Michael's Mount enveloped in a shroud of snow, it is no wonder that the inhabitants of the Northern parts of these islands are having an unusually severe time of it. Use goes for a great deal, no doubt; and it is nothing unusual for the latter to be lost to sight, though they may be left dear to memory, for a brief space in the course of the winter. But during the present season even their well-proved patience must have been sorely taxed; and those of us in the South who are happy enough to have food and fires, sufficient clothing and a solid roof-tree, have good reason to raise our voices in gratitude and thank Providence that we are not as many of our neigh-

bours. Snow is pretty sure to be pronounced a nuisance by any one who has passed the age for snowballing and ceased to find an agreeable excitement in discomfort. When you say that on a bright sunshiny day its unsullied purity lends lustrous picturesqueness to the wintry landscape, you have said the very utmost that can be urged, even from the poetic point of view. And we suspect that the poetic soul itself prefers, on the whole, to contemplate the spectacle from the windows of a well-warmed apartment. There is pleasure in a brisk walk in a bright, though biting, frost, when you have firm foothold on the iron ground, though it may leave something to desire in the matter of elasticity. But snow is at the best treacherous and irritating. If the day is dull and raw, any sort of exercise is an aggravated effort; while, if the sun is cheerful and has any power, the snowy surface is in a state of smudgy solution. You slip painfully when going up hill; you slip perpetually and more dangerously in going down; and even stumbling about on the level is a heavy trial to the back sinews. Then snow-water is proverbially insidious. Even if you are, as a rule, absolutely indifferent to damp feet, still there is a very sensible discomfort in the insinuating rawness that seems to penetrate between the thickest sole and the toughest porpoise-leather; and, unless the country is in such a condition as to make sledging enjoyable, you are worse off in a carriage or on horseback than on foot. For, after all has been done in the way of "roughing," there is always a chance of the most sure-footed animal coming to grief; and at best, when the snow is balling beneath his hoofs, he may slip and strain himself awkwardly or dangerously. In fact, the only people who, as we believe, welcome a snowfall are the writers of our Christmas literature and their admirers. By the more prosaic world in town or country, it is only endured with more or less of resignation.

Yet, after all, to us in the South snow is seldom or never anything worse than a nuisance. In the North it may be nothing short of a calamity, and not unfrequently it may be even ruinous in its consequences. We do not know that there is much heavy mercantile business transacted at John-o'-Groat's House, but Caithness is a flourishing county in its way, and we hear of the unfortunate dwellers there being cut off from the world for thirteen consecutive days. Imagine what it must be to have no letters or newspapers for thirteen days, and doubtless the telegraphic communications broken. In these anxious and agitated times, when we are daily hearing of failures and panics, a tradesman or banker might be brought to a bad way indeed if his credit chanced to be impeached when he had no means of correspondence. It is to be hoped that, knowing what is possibly on the cards, prudent men of business take all due precautions in consequence. But with the inhabitants of isolated country houses, with the lonely farmers and the solitary shepherds, the most far-sighted precautions can only mitigate the misfortunes which they have to expect. It strikes us that in some ways they are even less favoured than the natives of Labrador. For the Esquimaux are at any rate always prepared for the worst, and indeed "the worst" is with them but the regular dispensation of their deities. They secure their sledges and kayaks, and, having laid in their winter supplies and established permanent communications with their storehouses, they burrow in their hovels through the long winter night, luxuriating in a paradise of blubber and train-oil. The snow may fall or drift; a foot or two more or less is not of the slightest consequence, save in so far as it may raise the temperature within doors. There is no danger of their being reduced to short commons, and they have no property exposed that can possibly suffer. With the Scotch moorland farmer things are very different. The sky has been growing murkier and more lowering through the darkening afternoon, till the "lift," as he would say, seems to be lying on the hillside. Though there seems to be no wind to speak of, there is a sighing and a moaning among the leafless boughs; and, though his heart be stout enough, still it is inclined to sink when he turns his eyes upon the falling weather-glass. Towards dusk he has fresh cause for his fears. The great white flakes come feathering thickly downwards, settling silently on the windward side of each outstack and gable-end about his premises. As he takes his last turn round his folds and "byres" before retiring for the night, the nip of the rising blast makes him draw his plaid more tightly round him. Well as he knows his way about, he has to grope in a grey darkness that may be felt; nor can he see his hand before him when he stretches it out to undo a latch. Probably he has a quiet conscience and a good digestion, and so may sleep soundly in spite of his cares. But in the morning, when he has risen long before the late dawn, he pays but small attention to his toilet before making his way to the door. Above and beneath is darkness visible; but it does not need the shower of snowflakes that the draught drives in his face to confirm his worst prognostications as to the prospects of the weather. For a bank of snow already a couple of feet high has been heaped across the threshold of his doorway. As soon as there is the first faint glimmering of dawn, he kicks his way through the yielding barrier and plunges knees deep across the yard. The snow is coming down as densely as ever, and likely enough to continue to come down for a day or two. Yet already it has been drifting everywhere, coiling itself in twisted wreaths behind the dikes, and piling itself over the pigstyes and about the low entrances to the cattle-sheds. It gives him no great concern to know that his communications with the nearest villages are being stopped. His little garrison is fairly well victualled for a long blockade, and there is no risk whatever of starvation. But he shakes his head sadly as he thinks of the sheep on the moors.

Meanwhile, though the storm may be only beginning, there is work to be done by active arms. Passages must be cut from the house to the various outbuildings, and those passages must be kept open by incessant shovelling, while the snow-plough is pushed along the neighbouring road. Of course the snow walls on either side rise higher and higher, while the drift is ceaselessly heaping up hillocks all around, till the usually level surface of the farmyard begins to look like a miniature Savoy, which promises in the day of the inevitable thaw to be turned into a country of rivulets and cascades. Notwithstanding the wild drift and snowfall, the farmer's first care is to make his way to the hill to seek an interview with his shepherd and hear some news of the flock. Though he may have been born or brought up from a boy on "the land," he will be sorely put to it to find the well-known road. It is all pretty straight steering, so long as the road runs between the dikes; though every now and again he may step aside into the ditch, and find himself floundering up to the middle in the snow wreaths. But out on the open moor it is a very different thing. The air is so thick with blinding drift that all but the nearest outlines are absolutely effaced. What he can distinguish immediately around him is a scene of desolation and utter confusion, where the familiar inequalities have been smoothed away and the hollows filled up. It is vain to try to guide himself by feeling the air upon his cheek; for the wind twists at all times in those upland glens, and now it seems to be whirling the snow about in a multitude of tiny cyclones. If the master is to hit off his shepherd's shealing, it must be by his intimate acquaintance with the hill slopes and the watershed. And, when they do come together, both master and man wear very rueful faces, nor has either of them much consolation for the other. Such of the sheep as are not in the pens must shift for themselves as best they can; and what may be the ultimate fate of the flocks must depend chiefly on the duration of the tempest, and a good deal on the lie of the ground. It is wonderful how instinct will often serve and save them. Doubtless they were aware of the coming storm some time before their anxious proprietor, and had shifted away instinctively to the shelter of the glens and the corries. But if there should be little broken ground on the grazing, they can do nothing but huddle themselves together on the least exposed of the slopes; and in any case, if the snow gets heaped higher and higher, they may find it impossible to shape their way to the herbage or the heather. Then, when the long-looked-for thaw has come at last, dismal discoveries may be made; and though "braxy" (the mutton of sheep that have died in place of being slaughtered) may be plentiful enough in the larder of his cottage, that will hardly comfort the shepherd for losses which may possibly have gone far towards ruining his master. The hill-farmer, however, has seen the worst of it when the thaw sets in, though even he looks out from his windows like Noah from the ark, on the waste of muddy water that has submerged the "haughs" by the stream. But with the melting of the snow comes the turn of the dwellers in the valleys, who see the rivers swelling and overflowing their banks, spreading destruction all round, and leaving stagnant lakes behind them when they have receded. If we were given a choice of plagues, we might perhaps be inclined to vote for the floods, and yet these are apt to bring diseases in their train, which the hill people escape in the most terrible snowstorms. Destruction of one's stock may be thought preferable, on the whole, to mortality or sickness in the family.

#### THE BEACONSFIELD, BRIGHT, AND GLADSTONE CARTOONS.

THE Professor at the Breakfast-table says that each of us contains three persons. There is the real man, as he is known only to his Maker; there is the man's ideal self, as it appears to him; and there is the self as conceived of by his neighbours. The cartoons from *Punch* in which the careers of three statesmen are illustrated display the third—the conventional—view of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. John Bright. It is the business of *Punch* to see these politicians, not as partisans see them, but as the British public regards them in its *molliæ tempora*, in those genial hours when it lets its vexed consciousness play freely. If *Punch* were a partisan print, each of these distinguished persons would in turn have been drawn with horns and a tail. Mr. Gladstone, to a very large and respectable section of his fellow-countrymen, has long seemed no better than an unchained power of evil, "a wind," to quote a prolific Scotch poet, "that shrieks on the waste places of the Lord," and that shrieks disloyal, traitorous, unconstitutional, unpatriotic, cosmopolitan nonsense. As to Lord Beaconsfield, we know that Mephistopheles is the mildest term of reproach which many Dissenting ministers can find for him; while Mr. Bright was at one time regarded as a kind of cross between the hypocrite and the blatant demagogue, as a man at once smug and boisterous, at once canting and revolutionary. These are, or were, the judgments of angry partisans; and we are not certain that faint refractions of these fanciful shapes have not now and then been reflected in the cartoons of *Punch*. Mr. Bright was certainly designed as a "wind-bag" and foil to the silent wisdom of Mr. Carlyle. The fiercer cartoons have not been reprinted in the collections now republished, though some of the unkindest cuts at the Mr. Disraeli of the past have been retained.

Speaking generally, on the testimony of these cartoons, we may say that the English people have from the beginning suspected, liked, and laughed with Lord Beaconsfield; have respected, disliked, and doubted Mr. Gladstone; and have found it difficult to make up their minds about Mr. Bright. About Mr. Disraeli one thing alone was from the first absolutely certain. He was not dull. In the waste of Parliamentary dullness, in the "Babel of our sterile politics," one voice was sure to be heard that was clear and trenchant, *vox clamantis in deserto*. Hence the sympathy of *Punch*—which aims at being the perfect representative of the absolutely ordinary mind in its lighter moods—with Mr. Disraeli. He may be drawn as a faded ballet-dancer, with a superannuated smile; as a rouged and sardonic Peri, at last admitted to Paradise; as a Cheap Jack at a fair; as a serpent, gnawing that respectable old file Sir Robert Peel; as a sham country gentleman in boots, hat, and broadcloth coat from Nathan's; and yet the laugh and the sympathy are with him. Thus, in an early picture of the Gladstone series, John Bull is entrusting his carpet-bag (labelled Budget) to a sour, small boy, with the features of Mr. Gladstone, while he refuses to have anything to say to Mr. Disraeli, a merry, roguish little cross-ing-sweeper. Here the favoured Mr. Gladstone has the squint of the bitterest religious hatred. You feel that he will put the shilling he receives from Mr. Bull in the savings-bank, and you fear that he will end a career of pious respectability as a fraudulent and exposed director of a bank. The grinning boy with the brush is equally certain to drop the bag in the mud and to lose his shilling at pitch-and-toss and not to care. The balance of the nature of Englishmen leans heavily towards stupidity and respectability. Hence, by way of reaction, the national sympathy with characters that are clever, and not overburdened with the sense of responsibility, or duty, or anything else. The great heart of the people is on the side of Mr. Disraeli when, as Topsy (1852), he breaks the windows, throws open the cupboards, dances on the measures of his party, and "specs nobody can do nothing with him." In the admirable vignette on the frontispiece of the Gladstone series Mr. Sam-bourne has illustrated the last stage of the long opposition between solemn earnestness and satiric earnestness. Mr. Gladstone is tearing his hair and thundering invective from a pulpit shaped in the likeness of the clock-tower of St. Stephen's, while Lord Beaconsfield is sitting smiling below, and tickling the orator with a long curly feather.

The general sympathy has been, on the whole, against Mr. Gladstone, not because he is earnest, but because he has always put his earnestness forward. The world has always recognized, not without pleasure, the earnestness which Mr. Disraeli avowed from the first in a manner at once frank and ironical. He was clearly quite as determined as Mr. Gladstone, but then he was determined to have his own way, and what that way was he declared almost as openly as Prince Bismarck could do. In spite of the "mysteries" and "surprises" of which his opponents have talked a good deal, the secret of this Sphinx has always been so far an open secret. People have been captivated in spite of themselves by the clear-sighted resolve, by the gay courage, by the knowledge that a plan was being worked out from first to last, by the indifference to discomfiture which marked Mr. Disraeli. They have disapproved, they have stormed, scolded, preached, and ended by laughing, forgiving, and even—forgetting. The old assailants, the Catos of Conservatism, are indignant when their ancient woes and those pranks which so outraged them are recalled by the viperous Radical. Meanwhile the puzzled public, which the cartoons so often represent as hesitating between the attractions of seriousness and mirth, has decided to take part with the latter, and with success. Looking at these designs, one sees how Mr. Disraeli's career has increased the democratic tendency to look at politics *comme théâtre en œuvre*, like spectators at a play, where the applause is given and the crowns are thrown to the cleverest mime. It is rarely that the educator of his party is so hardly used as in the cartoon in which he plays the part of Fagin at the thief's school, and shows his young friends how to pilfer Liberal measures. His last appearance is in a *Scène de Triomphe*, where he wears the garter and laughs at his luck, at the spectators, and at his grave and decorated companion.

The Gladstone cartoons begin in 1855, ten years later than the earliest drawing of Mr. Disraeli as "young Gulliver" (young Gulliver was in his fortieth year) "and the Brobdingnag Ministry." Mr. Gladstone first appears, not as a small but courageous creature, undaunted by the great, but as a footman who "wishes to leave at once." With Sir James Graham and Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone "seceded from Lord Palmerston's Cabinet in disapproval of the demand for an inquiry into the Crimean mismanagement." This was not a very popular line; and, on the whole, these drawings rarely display Mr. Gladstone as a truly popular character. He may be successful, but even as "the boy for our money," he is not amiable. Even when he "takes a penny from the Income-tax" (1861), he appears as a dentist who has made his patient cry. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, would have been facetiously represented as extracting the money by the "confidence," or other trick, from a puzzled but pleased John Bull. When Mr. Gladstone is represented as a jockey, he is too good a starter, and is off before the fall of the flag. His supreme feat is to present Mr. and Mrs. Bull with a packet of tea. As a manager, he is jealous of his company, and says, "Mind, no starrin' in the provinces." The beginning of the end of a career of stormy successes is indicated in the cartoon which shows the



Ghost of Lord Palmerston remonstrating with Mr. Gladstone for "his pacific attitude on the high-handed abrogation by Russia of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris." Through the whole set of cartoons Mr. Gladstone has only twice a smile on his face. We miss the admirable drawing of the peaceful peasant and the dissembling earl, and the sketch of Mr. Gladstone's failure to clear the Irish stone wall.

*Punch* has always taken the same view of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright is apparently a more difficult subject. At first he is a smug Quaker bagman, who tries to make a convert of the Duke of Wellington. He and Mr. Cobden give the Czar Nicholas a toy Turk to pull to pieces, though Mr. Bright appears to be remonstrating a little with his passionate and imperial friend. He lights the fire under the kettle of Reform, and "hopes it will soon boil," and he laboriously climbs the greasy pole of popularity for the reward of the leg of mutton. His strength is recognized (1858) in a design which represents him in the act of knocking down a number of timid Liberals who do not go far enough to please him. His timidity, the timidity of an employer of labour and a capitalist, is illustrated (1866) in a very humorous cartoon. Walking under the shadow of a gigantic "proletarian," Mr. Bright says, with every sign of alarm, "I have no fe-fe-fear of ma-man-hood suffrage!" His logic (1863) is, that "the masses of the people are so illiterate that sound statesmanship requires that they shall be admitted to political power." The funniest of all the cartoons represents him as a stout, middle-aged lady, in all the conscious and sulky dignity of "a political wall-flower." In many cartoons he is violent, in some he assumes the command, while he is only a lieutenant. His buxom content with himself in his court-dress regains for him the public favour. People only laugh when, as a lacquey, he forgets his place, loses his temper, and bids the coachman of the Upper House, "Pull out of the way there with that infatuated old machine of yours, can't yer?" Mr. Bright, after all, seems somehow the most human of these distinguished characters. He is neither too awfully virtuous nor too whimsically clever; neither a mixture of Puck and Ariel on the one side, nor a compound of Tartuffe and "Roland the Just" on the other. It is easy to guess what he will do and say, what he will like and dislike; though he will do everything "with the strength of ten," and will be inconsistent with a splendid honesty of unconsciousness which is one of his most human and pleasing characteristics.

The technical merits of these caricatures need hardly be discussed. Mr. Tenniel naturally shows himself as the supreme political caricaturist, while Mr. Leech and, still more, Mr. Doyle had, as manifestly, their true province elsewhere—in social and in fantastic art.

#### MORE ABOUT ALCOHOL.

WE are not aware whether it is intended to continue any further the discussion respecting alcohol which has been carried on in three numbers of the *Contemporary Review*; but it certainly does not appear that anything will be gained by doing so, for the question which was raised seems now to be decided so far as such a question can be decided. There is, it is true, some difference of opinion respecting it amongst experts, but unanimity could hardly be expected in a matter of so much difficulty; and that the opinions of the majority have been the best supported there can be little doubt. The first contribution on the subject was, as will be remembered, by Sir James Paget, whose lucid arguments in favour of the moderate consumption of alcohol as against total abstinence have certainly not been refuted. He was followed by several physicians, two of whom held views similar to his, while two were opposed to alcohol, and others spoke with so vague an utterance as to make it impossible to predicate anything positively of their opinions. In the last issue of the *Review* are articles by five well-known medical men, who, though differing on some points, all appear to look with favour on temperance—i.e. strictly moderate wine-drinking—as against total abstinence. The preponderance of opinion is therefore on one side, and it may fairly be said that the best arguments are brought forward on that side; so that, unless there is to be interminable contention on the subject, the cause of those who think that wine is good for man may be held to have triumphed. It must not be thought, however, that the very smallest encouragement is given to self-indulgence. There is an important qualification to the victory, for it seems clear that the temperance which physicians advocate requires, in many cases, more real self-control than total abstinence.

Before, however, we consider what temperance really is, it is necessary to point out what are the views held by the doctors who have most recently written on this subject. Their remarks, it should be said, apply only to men who have work to do, and who feel the constant pressure of modern life; and some of them are less decidedly in favour of wine—under which word, to avoid verbiage, we include all kinds of alcoholic liquors—than others. Thus Dr. Risdon Bennett would apparently only allow wine to persons who are past middle life; and Dr. Kidd thinks it necessary only for those who are not in perfect health. The latter, however, adds that "in the ordinary wear and tear of civilization" few people can be called perfectly healthy; and, on the whole, both doctors appear to take a favourable view of the effects of small quantities of alcohol. More decided are the

opinions of Dr. Garrod, a very great authority on the disease commonly supposed to be specially due to wine, and of Dr. Radcliffe, a very great authority on diseases of the nervous system. The first lays down as an absolute axiom that "the majority of adults can take alcohol in some form or other, not only with impunity, but often with advantage"; and says emphatically that "as yet there are no trustworthy statistics to show that abstinence from the moderate use of alcohol is attended with unusual length of life or improvement in health." The second, whose contribution consists of an account of a conversation in which he argued a patient out of a belief in total abstinence, states "that alcohol, when properly used, is, what it is abundantly proved to be, a natural and potent means of comfort." Dr. Brudenell Carter, the other physician who has contributed to the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, says:—"We may assure ourselves by common observation that the moderate consumption of alcohol is useful to many persons, and that it does not produce, at least necessarily, or in any but exceptional cases, the dire effects which have been ascribed to it."

These certainly are definite views, and in support of them the results of much observation and experience are given, to which unfortunately we can only very briefly refer. One of the most important facts adduced is that to which attention is drawn by Dr. Radcliffe, who points out that "alcohol properly used is of great service, partly in keeping up the animal heat, by supplying easily kindled fuel to the respiratory fire, partly in producing nerve power by furnishing easily assimilable food to the nerve tissue, and partly in lessening the necessity for ordinary food by diminishing the waste of the system which has to be repaired by food." The italics are Dr. Radcliffe's, and he goes on to show how a man of hearty appetite who is a water-drinker may very likely habitually eat such quantities of food as ultimately to injure his digestion. Wine will be invaluable to him because, in consequence of taking it, he will require less food, and because the wine itself will, by supplying fuel and food in the manner just described, "augment vital warmth and nerve power, and in that way promote the activity of digestion and assimilation, and every other vital function." It is an obvious inference that such a man would have been better if he had always drunk wine. Dr. Radcliffe's views are shared by Dr. Brudenell Carter, who states that total abstainers are generally very large eaters; and that, in particular, they have an especial craving for sugar; and it need hardly be said that, of persons who live in cities, few can continue for long to eat very largely and to take a considerable proportion of sugar in their food. The digestion almost inevitably fails. Here, then, is a very tangible fact in favour of wine, and other valuable evidence, which want of space does not allow us to notice, is brought forward by the writers who have been mentioned. On the whole, their articles and those of Sir James Paget and of others who have written on the same side seem to show almost conclusively that, for the majority of those who have hard work to do and are subject to the wear and tear of modern life, drinking wine in moderation is not only good, but is often absolutely necessary.

This granted, however, another question immediately arises. What is moderation in drinking wine? What is the amount which a man ought not to exceed in his daily consumption? Sir James Paget declined to answer the question; but his reticence has not been copied by two of the medical men who have lately written on this subject. They do attempt to answer the question, and it is to be feared that the reply they give will be not a little disappointing to many who, without being given to excess, are fond of sound claret or ancient hock. The amount of wine allowed is so small that it will seem almost worse than none at all; at least it is to be feared that this will be the feeling of a considerable number of those who learn the very small quantity which Dr. Kidd and Dr. Garrod, who speak definitely on this point, allow. The former refers to the scientific experiments on the use of alcoholic fluids made by the late Dr. Anstie and by Dr. Dupré. These showed that about one ounce and a half of absolute alcohol was "the limit to the food use of that substance." Up to that point the alcohol had no injurious effect upon any organ or upon the blood. This quantity of absolute alcohol corresponds, according to Dr. Kidd, to nearly six table-spoonfuls of brandy, to four small glasses of port or sherry, or nearly twice as much of claret, hock, or chablis. A man must not, however, think that he is to be allowed to drink this quantity of spirit or of any one of these wines, although certainly it is not large. Dr. Kidd says that half of it is the "dose" to be advised, and therefore he who wishes to adhere to a rule based on scientific knowledge must not apparently take more than this amount in the twenty-four hours. We say apparently, because Dr. Kidd does not make it perfectly clear that a man might not take this amount twice in the day with impunity, if the meals at which it was taken were separated by a very wide interval. Dr. Garrod, whose opinion in these matters must carry the greatest weight, allows rather more than Dr. Kidd, although he apparently considers that one ounce of alcohol is the limit of the food use. According to him, "the quantity of alcohol taken in the twenty-four hours should seldom exceed that contained in half a bottle of claret of good quality." There would be about the same amount of alcohol in half an imperial pint of Champagne or Burgundy, in a quarter of a pint of port, sherry, or Madeira, and in three-quarters of a pint of pale ale or stout. Such are the quantities which—subject of course to departures from the rule occasioned by the varying strengths of liquors of the same name—should never be exceeded. Not the slightest excuse for indulgence, even of the

most gentle kind, is therefore offered, but rather a strict discipline is enforced. Very many men would find it easier to forego wine altogether than to confine themselves strictly to such small measures, and temperance would thus demand more steady and persistent self-control than abstinence. There is indeed one ground for thinking that such severe restriction may not prove to be absolutely necessary, as Dr. Garrod, like Dr. Kidd, does not make it perfectly evident that there would be any harm in drinking the quantities he mentions twice during the twenty-four hours. If alcohol is within certain limits really food, can it not be consumed in the system in less time than a day and a night?

It need hardly be said that, while advocating the moderate consumption of alcohol, the doctors who have been mentioned most energetically denounce excess. Few men indeed feel more strongly on this subject than physicians, on account of their exact knowledge of the physical evils produced by intemperance. A good deal is said about these in the papers on which we have now commented, though perhaps this was scarcely necessary in essays likely to be read only by educated men, who are well aware that drunkenness must do irreparable harm. It is much to be wished that others could be addressed, and that means could be found to bring the information contained in such writings as these before uneducated men; for probably there is nothing to which intemperance is so much to be attributed as to the profound ignorance of the working classes respecting the effects of alcohol. If they could be disabused of their absurd superstitions about it, and if the proofs of its injurious effects could be brought clearly and exactly before them, it is not impossible that a great change might be in time effected. The same alteration that there has been in the habits of the upper classes might be brought about in other classes by the same cause. Men are now moderate as compared with their forefathers, not merely because drunkenness is considered disgraceful, but also because they know the immense injury that may be caused by excess in wine, which their forefathers did not know. If the same lesson could be taught to the poorer classes a like result might in time follow; but to teach this lesson very different efforts would be required from those of the Temperance orators—or rather, as they should be called, the Abstinence orators—who are always ready for frothy declamation, but who cannot explain what they have never really learnt. To put before very dull and obstinate people some of the facts ascertained by medical science respecting the action of alcohol, in such a manner that they could understand them, would be much harder work than making florid speeches; but it would have much greater results, for if it could be clearly and thoroughly demonstrated to men how they were poisoning themselves, their attention would be much more effectually roused than it ever could be by flimsy rhetoric concerning the iniquity of drinking.

#### WILLIAM WYRCRESTRE.

JOHN LELAND is called the father of English antiquaries, but William Wyrcestre is the forefather. Nearly a century before Leland went by royal commission over the kingdom to report upon historic buildings and their archives, Wyrcestre had gone at his own pleasure on a similar exploration, and had offered candles at the shrines which the later traveller found wasted and deserted, or on the eve of being so. It is unfortunate that both these worthies wrote the narratives of their wanderings in language so dry and lifeless. It might be thought that the aspect of mediæval England, the final purpose of whose every towered city and village homestead seemed to have been picturesqueness of form and colour at least as much as convenient habitation, would have been reflected in the delineations of men who evidently felt the interest of their own surroundings; but Wyrcestre and Leland have offered the results of their topographical studies in a manner as unimpassioned as a merchant's ledger; which, in fact, their works much resemble through the frequent numerals that appear in every page. But, notwithstanding meagreness of treatment, these works are as valuable to the English antiquary as Pausanias is to the topographer of Greece; and by the mere accumulation of patiently gathered facts Wyrcestre and Leland have erected to themselves monuments, if not more durable than brass, at least as lasting as many brasses, for the tombstone of Wyrcestre himself has disappeared, and the place of his burial is unknown. The inquirer might also look in vain into Chalmers or similar collections for an account of Wyrcestre's life, for he is almost as little indebted to the biographer as to the statuary for commemoration to his grateful followers. Bishop Tanner, who overlooked no Englishman who had written a book or left a manuscript, has included him in his *Scriptores*, but gives little more than a list of his writings—a remark which also applies to the mention of him by Bale and similar compilers. Wyrcestre's limited biography must be gleaned from his *Itinerary* and from his correspondence in the *Paston Letters*. He was the son of a Bristol burgess of the same name as his own; but, instead of the modern fashion of two Christian names, he adopted two surnames, frequently signing himself "Botaner," as well as by his patronymic. This double cognomen has caused Bale to divide his personality and to assign certain works to Botaner and others to Wyrcestre; which former name he assumed, not, according to the conjecture of Lewis in his *Life of Caxton*, because he was fond of botany, but by reason of its being the maiden name of his mother, who was of a wealthy Coventry family, some

of whom were founders of the famous church of St. Michael in that city.

"In the second year of Henry IV.," he says, "William Wyrcestre, my father, took on rental the house of John Sutton upon the Bec, in the parish of St. James (Bristol), in which house I was born" (A.D. 1415). From a contemporary deed we find that this dwelling stood nearly at the south-east end of the street. Until within the last few months St. James's Bec or Back retained the name it had held for five centuries; but, with intelligent disregard for idle historical sentiment, it has been changed by the authorities into "Silver Street," hardly for its brightness, or because silver is plentiful there, for it has degenerated into one of the dingiest and poorest districts of the city. Wyrcestre says that he went to Oxford about the month of June 1432, when the general eclipse on the day of St. Botolph happened. He remained four years a student at Hart Hall, now Balliol College. Though his Latin style was open to no more praise than his English, he was in spirit a true scholar of Oxford, who would rather have at his bed's head Aristotle's *Philosophy* than "richest robes, fiddle, or psaltery." He was instructed in poetry and French by a Lombard named Karoll Giles, and we are assured by his friend Henry Wyndsor that he would "as fain have a book of French or Poetry as Master Fastolf would a fair manor." To the Master Fastolf here referred to, Wyrcestre upon leaving the University became secretary and pursuivant, attending him, according to Wood, "with his coat when he went upon any encounter." Wyrcestre's son seems to verify this by saying, in the dedication of a book to Edward IV., that his "pore fadyr William Wyrcestre sometime servaunte and soget with his Reverend master John Fastolf chevalier exercised in the werres continually above XL years." We join with Anstis, who cites this passage, in regretting, as he does in his register of the Knights of the Garter, that the *Acta Domini Johannis Fastolf*, which Bale had seen and quotes, should have been lost. Wyrcestre, as an eye-witness of the knight's career, might have shown in that work the difference between the dramatic Falstaff and the historical Fastolf. His letters supply characteristics from which to prove Fastolf's unlikeness to the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and his identity with the Sir John Fastolfe of *Henry VI.* The vapouring knight of the first two of these dramas belongs to a quite different type of character from the real hero. It is as certain that the Fastolfe of *Henry VI.* was Wyrcestre's master as that the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was not. In spite of Schlegel's opinion of the unity of the character through the three separate plays, two distinct persons are portrayed. It is admitted by critics that the Sir John Falstaff of *Henry IV.* is identical with the Sir John Oldcastle of the older drama, on which Shakespeare founded his own—the original name, according to Mr. Halliwell, having been retained in the earlier representations of *Henry IV.* on the stage. Whether the character was imaginary or a distortion of that of the martyr is perhaps a question; but the mere change of name did not touch its identity. Wyrcestre himself speaks of "John Oldcastle" as a "heretic," which sufficiently proves his distinctness from Fastolf, which is only a different way of spelling Falstaff. The Sir John Fastolfe of *Henry VI.* is drawn from history, though not with fairness. His actions in the French wars have been well vindicated from the cowardice with which Shakespeare makes Sir John Talbot charge him, but his manners at home were such as to give ample scope for Wyrcestre's capacity for suffering. He was proud and petulant, and by no means lavish in recompense for services. Of the merry humour of the ideal Falstaff he had none; but, as Mr. Gairdner remarks, of bad humour he had abundance, and there is rich exemplification of it in the *Paston Letters*. "At reverence with God," says Wyrcestre, in a letter to John Paston, A.D. 1456, "be as soon as ye may with my master to ease his sprites. He questioneth and disputeth with his servants here and will not be answered nor satisfied some time, but after his wilfulness, for it suffiseth not our simple wits to appease his soul"; and the writer wishes that Paston, or some other of more influence than himself, might "hang at his (master's) girdle daily" to answer his complaints. He tells Paston to drop the name of "Mastre Wyrcestre," for his "five shilling a year wages," besides maintenance, hardly kept him in "bonnets," and did not entitle him to the distinction of "master." Fastolf died in 1459 at Caistor Castle, Wyrcestre being at his death-bed. The letter of Friar Brackley summoning John Paston to the dying knight is almost as realistic as Dame Quickly's narrative of the departure of his namesake to "Arthur's bosom." "Ryte reverent master, as soon as ye may goodly come to Cayster. It is high time; he draweth fast homeward, and is right low brought, and sore weakened and feeble. Every day this five days he said, God send me soon my good cousin Paston, for I hold him a faithful man and ever one man" (l. 444). Whatever moroseness was in the temper of Fastolf, it did not alienate the affection of his tried servant William Wyrcestre, who resolved to have "no master but his old master," for whose sake he had gone many a "shrewd journey." Wyrcestre was appointed one of the executors of Fastolf's testament, with Waynflete Bishop of Winchester and others. The administration of the will was the occasion of litigation in the spiritual courts, Wyrcestre being involved in controversy with Sir John Paston and Thomas Howes, Fastolf's chaplain, in the cause. A correspondent advised Paston, for "our Lord's love," to become reconciled with William Wyrcestre, "for it is a common proverb, 'A man must sometimes set a candle before



the devil"; and Lord Beauchamp, without the application of any such complimentary adage, recommended the like policy, saying that Wyrcestre wanted to return to his own country. The dispute continued till December 7, 1472, when Bishop Waynflete paid 100*l.* to Wyrcestre in quittance for his claim upon Fastolf's estate.

In August 1473 Wyrcestre presented his friend Waynflete with a copy of an English version which he had made of Cicero *De Senectute*, but he complains that he received nothing in return; which Chandler, the prelate's biographer, suggests was about the worth of the translation. It was, however, published by the father of English printers. Copies of the "*Boke of Tulle of Old Age, &c.*," empyrnted by me symple person William Caxton into Englysshe at the playisr solace and reverence of men growing into olde age the xii day of Aug. the yere of our lord M CCCC lxxxj," were exhibited at the Caxton celebration, but Caxton does not mention who was the author of the version.

Next to Wyrcestre's love of literature was his fondness for architecture; but his enthusiasm on this subject chiefly spent itself in ascertaining the dimensions of the numerous buildings he visited. To know distances seems hardly less a matter of instinctive curiosity than to find out causes. Wyrcestre took as much interest in numbering the paces between the east and west end of an abbey church, and guessing the altitude of its tower, as the astronomer finds in settling the distance between the sun and the moon. The *Anabasis* does not more teem with parassangs than his Itinerary with *gressus* and *virge*. His method was rude, but it may be ascertained from his own representation that his *gressus*, or pace, is about two feet. For instance, he tells us that the length of St. Paul's, London, was 180 *gradus*, and of the choir, with St. Mary's Chapel, 130 *gradus*, which dimensions nearly correspond with Mr. Ferrey's computations, with which Mr. Longman agrees, who gives 596 feet as the entire length of the building; the breadth, according to the same modern authority, being 104 feet, and by Wyrcestre's paces 48 *gradus*, or 96 feet. The length of St. Mary, Redcliff, by the latter's reckoning, is 242 feet, and by later measurement 239. Many are the buildings of which only Wyrcestre's dimensions are left. The chapel of St. Anne-in-the-Wood, at Brislington, near Bristol, in his time a favourite place of pilgrimage, is one of these; which we specially mention because it has been forgotten in the *Quarterly Review* article and other general accounts of mediæval English shrines. Dr. Powell (*temp.* Henry VIII.) classed St. Anne's with Walsingham, as one that ensured the almsgiving devotee a hundred times the value of his offering in the present world, and everlasting life beyond. When Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, and Bounteous Buckingham in their days made oblations there, the scene was picturesque enough to captivate a Cistercian abbot. It is picturesque now. The wooded valley on the border of the Avon which gave name to the spot exists, though rarely visited; but the Gothic chapel that was strengthened by nineteen buttresses has as completely vanished as the summer clouds that floated over it. Wyrcestre's fondest attention was given to his native city, and there is no mediæval delineation of any English borough so exhaustive as his survey of Bristol. By a careful study of his Itinerary a painter might throw upon canvas a picture of a fifteenth-century walled city that would form a typical example of what such a city was. It may be gathered from his description that there were seventy towers crowning its walls, or embraced by their circuit.

It must have been an enviable journey that Wyrcestre drily narates that he made to St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. Even the fragments of many of the noble buildings he saw in their grandeur are enough now to set archaeological minds aglow. On Monday, 17th August, 1453, he tells us that he left Norwich; and, having delayed some days in London, he rode on to Winchester, where he dined with his friend Bishop Waynflete. After staying at Romsey and Salisbury, he attended on Sunday the Mass of St. Edith at Wilton Abbey, of which hardly a trace now remains. Passing Stanley Abbey, which has likewise disappeared, he came to Castlecomb, and on to Bristol. Crossing the Severn to Chepstow, he lodged at Tintern Abbey, where he made extracts from the register, carefully numbered the windows and pillars, took the dimensions of every part, and gathered the information which he supplies concerning the neighbourhood. On the 7th September we find him at Westbury-on-Trym, where he heard divine service in the beautiful church, yet standing, of the monastery founded before A.D. 892, and destroyed by Prince Rupert in 1645. The next day he slept at Wells, and on Thursday he was at Glastonbury. He kindles into no rapture at the sight of the mother-church of England, then in the height of its architectural and ritual splendour; but he atones for want of enthusiasm by the useful information he gives. On Monday, 14th September, he rode from Launceston Priory across the moor, where his horse fell, on his way to Bodmin. From the Calendar of the Minor Friars of that place he extracts mention of a plague which visited the town about Christmas 1351, and destroyed 1,500 persons. On Wednesday, September 16, he was at Truro looking over the Friars Preachers' Martyrology, and the next day he heard mass at the "vision-guarded Mount," the four famous apparitions of which are carefully recorded. On his return journey from St. Michael's he lodged at Tavistock Abbey, of which he gives many particulars. At Weston he conversed with the Abbot of Glastonbury, and at Machelney Abbey he had an interview with the abbot of that Benedictine house. The subjects of his conversation with these dignitaries are not recorded, but on many occasions he gives notes of the information he drew

from less important persons whom he met; for, like his measurements and extracts from monastic registers, his facts were gathered on the spot. From "Celere," an esquire of the household of Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, he learns that there were 140 gentlemen servitors in that nobleman's house, the names of 30 of whom he gives, receiving each 5 marks yearly. Every day from 200 to 300 poor people were fed at the duke's expense, who also gave each of his almsmen a gown twice a year. On the same authority he gives the names of certain of the company who were with John Duke of Norfolk when returning in his barge from dining, perhaps too freely, at the table of the Cardinal of England, and were submerged at London Bridge, sixteen of the Duke's household being drowned. From "Master John Smythe," Bishop of Llandaff, he receives some account of the saints of Wales, among these being *S. Inael Episcopus*, who, under the form of *S. Ishmael* in the dedication of several churches, has caused confusion by being mistaken for the son of Abraham, who is as yet uncanonized. From an ancient calendar belonging to George Hevyrston of Norwich, A.D. 1478, he supplies the names of twenty Premonstratensian abbeys of England and Scotland. Among his personal recollections he mentions that he saw the murdered body of Thomas Lord Scales lying naked for some hours in the churchyard near the porch of St. Mary Overy in Southwark. Sir Bernard Burke, in his *Extinct Peerages*, seems in doubt whether to decide with Story that Lord Scales died by violence, or with Dugdale, who says that "he departed this life"; but Wyrcestre states that he was killed (25 July, 1460) in a scuffle with some sailors under the wall of the Bishop of Winton's palace on the bank of the Thames. The commentator on Shakespeare's *Richard II.* may, in connexion with the note in the Clarendon Press edition of that play, get a hint (*Annals*, 517) concerning the identity of Barcloughy Castle, in sight of which the poet represents the King as landing when he returned from Ireland to meet the invasion of Bolingbroke. The numerous waifs and strays of hagiology, biography, and folk-lore, as well as of topography and contemporary history, that are to be found only in Wyrcestre, commend his unpretending books to more attention from the student of mediæval history than they have received. We hope the edition of the *Itineraria*, by Nasmyth, 1778, and of the *Annales Rerum Anglicarum* (1324-1468), by Hearne, 1771, will be re-edited in the Rolls Series, and supplemented from his inedited MSS.

Wyrcestre retired in his old age to his native city; and, under the battlements of the castle, devoted his time to practising physic and to the cultivation of medicinal herbs, finding, like Friar Laurence, that

Mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

He is believed to have died about A.D. 1479.

#### THE THREATENED WAR OF TARIFFS.

THE prospects of Protectionism at the present moment strongly remind one of the extraordinary recovery of the Chinese Empire. A quarter of a century ago China seemed to be falling to pieces. Yunnan, Kashgar, and other outlying provinces had shaken off the Emperor's authority, a victorious rebellion was ravaging the heart of the empire, and a British Colonial Governor was confident that he could effect the conquest of the whole country with fifty thousand men. All at once there was a change. The Taepings were extirpated. Yunnan, Kashgar, and the other insurgent provinces were reconquered, and now a struggle seems about to begin with Russia for the last town to be recovered. A little while ago Protection seemed to be in as desperate a case as China herself in her darkest hour, and at this instant it is displaying an equally unexpected vigour. When the Emperor Napoleon concluded the famous Anglo-French Commercial Treaty, he was at the zenith of his influence. The world regarded him with awe and admiration, and surrounding nations humbly imitated his policy. Commercial treaties became the fashion, and in a very short time there was scarcely a European State which had not bound itself to admit the goods of its neighbours on easier terms than formerly. Enthusiastic economists saw in all this the beginnings of a millennium when custom-houses would be kept up only for revenue purposes, and every nation would devote itself to the production of those commodities alone for which it was best fitted. For a while events seemed to favour the expectations of the enthusiasts. The world increased rapidly in wealth, the condition of the masses of the population was greatly improved, and, if men would only be guided by their reason in business matters, the victory of Free-trade was assured. Unfortunately the growth of the military spirit was even more rapid than that of the commercial. Louis Napoleon had risen by means of the army, and upon its support he was obliged to lean. His armaments alarmed his neighbours, and led to counter-armaments. War followed war, armies expanded until at last they included the whole male population, and military budgets swelled until they oppressed industry. Reckless speculation in railways, banks, and joint-stock enterprise of every kind, wild borrowing ending in extensive repudiation, bad harvests, cattle disease, famines, over-production, and the political uncertainties caused by the reopening of the Eastern question, aggravated the situation, and resulted in panic, crisis, and universal depression of trade. Here was the opportunity for the Protectionists, and they seized it. The condition of trade was bad in all countries alike; yet in this age of

newspapers and universal enlightenment it was found an easy task to persuade each people in particular that its sufferings were singular and were due to Free-trade. Naturally the most ignorant and most backward populations were the most easily convinced. Spain led the way, loading English and French goods with heavy duties. Italy followed next. And now it is the turn of Austria-Hungary. Germany is treading close upon the heels of her southern neighbours. And it has been feared that France would bring up the rear. The negotiations between France and Austria-Hungary for the renewal of the commercial treaty between them were continued up to the very end of the past year, and were then abruptly broken off. With whom the fault rests we are unable to say. In France M. Waddington is severely censured, and the fact that he at the same time gave notice to terminate the treaties into which France had entered with other countries has been regarded as a strong point in the case of his accusers. On the other hand, Austria-Hungary had just failed to renew the treaty with Germany, and Prince Bismarck's letter to the Federal Council informed her statesmen that he was about to arm himself with the means of coercing those with whom he might have to negotiate in the future. The knowledge of this no doubt determined the Austro-Hungarian Government not to tie its hands by premature engagements with France. Probably, indeed, we shall not be far wrong in assuming that Prince Bismarck's letter was the immediate cause of both the French and the Austro-Hungarian decisions. His influence is now hardly inferior to that exercised by Napoleon III. in 1860, and can scarcely fail to have equally far-reaching consequences.

However this may be, the end of the Austro-French Treaty has had consequences for which the English public was not prepared. That treaty was concluded six years later than the Anglo-French Treaty, and also later than the conventions between France and most other States. It was consequently more liberal than any of these, and in great measure made their stipulations obsolete. All these several States, however, had an agreement with France that she should extend to them the treatment of the most favoured nation; and by virtue of this clause they at once participated in all the advantages of the treaty with Austria-Hungary. Thus, when that treaty was abruptly terminated a fortnight ago, the subjects of those States found tariffs applied to them, without notice, of the existence of which many of them were ignorant. The hardship was very real. As between France and Austria-Hungary, the respective general tariffs were applied; and it is said that the increase of duties upon Austrian goods in France is so great that the Vienna Government has it in contemplation to make use of a clause in last year's Tariff Act which authorizes the imposition of an additional ten per cent. upon all goods coming from a country which does not extend to Austria-Hungary the treatment of the most favoured nation. If this report proves correct, France will not be slow to retaliate; and the war of tariffs which is the logical result of universal Protection will have been begun upon the Continent. Should Prince Bismarck be successful in his protectionist projects, he will speedily join in the hostilities. Already, a couple of years ago, he asked for power to impose retaliatory duties upon France, on the ground that by her system of bounties she handicaps German industry. It is understood that he is about to renew the proposal. In any case, he will, if he can, restore the protective régime in Germany. In the meantime the French Foreign Office has denounced the still subsisting treaties—that with this country amongst others. It is difficult to understand the motives of this proceeding. M. Léon Say, the Minister of Finance, is a distinguished economist and an hereditary Free-trader. M. Gambetta, too, the leader of the Republicans, is an avowed Free-trader. It seems incredible, therefore, that a return to Protection can be contemplated. In spite of the activity of the Protectionist party, the replies given to the circulars addressed by successive Ministers of Commerce to the Chambers of Commerce throughout the country prove that public sentiment is in favour of more liberal commercial treaties. To return to Protection, therefore, would be not only to act contrary to the declared opinions of the Republican leaders, but to fail to carry out the wishes of the people, and to leave to the Bonapartists the defence of Free-trade. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the denunciation of the treaties was not required in order to hasten their renewal. So far, at least, as our own country is concerned, we have been ready to proceed with the work for several years past; indeed we had been engaged in it when a change of Ministry in France disturbed the negotiations. Now, however, that the supremacy of the Republicans is assured, there is nothing to prevent the negotiations from being resumed at any moment. Nor, again, was the denunciation necessary to facilitate the consideration of the general tariff. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that the measure was taken in consequence of Prince Bismarck's letter. The very suddenness with which the notices were given supports this conclusion. And it was natural that, in view of the new situation about to be created in Germany, the French Government should think precautions expedient, and, above all, should desire to recover full liberty of action. Such, in fact, is the explanation given by the French Government itself, which explicitly declares that "France will use her freedom of action without deviating from the principles which for some years have given so great an extension to business."

In this state of things the prospects of European trade are not encouraging. Whatever may be the case in France, the success of Protection is almost certain elsewhere on the Continent. Duties which were already nearly prohibitive were raised fifteen per cent. in

Russia two years ago by the requirement that they should be paid in gold. They have just been again increased on the desperate chance of furnishing the means to pay the interest on the newly accumulated debt. Austria-Hungary has just put in force a tariff which very greatly increases the duties all round, and then enhances them still further by insisting that they shall be paid in gold. Of Italy and Spain we need not speak, any more than of the United States. There is no reason to doubt that Prince Bismarck will succeed in his plans; and Switzerland seems resolved to follow in the same course. Thus we seem likely to see the whole Continent, except perhaps France, Belgium, Holland, and Turkey, closed against us. The loss will fall chiefly upon the countries which adopt this false and mischievous policy, though of course we shall be sufferers also. Their energies will to a great extent be wasted in producing commodities badly and dearly which are produced cheaper and better elsewhere. In his turn the consumer will have to pay extravagantly for what he buys, and consequently there will be less margin for saving. Some new industries may possibly be created that will be a permanent source of wealth, just as the beet-root industry was fostered by the Continental blockade. But, taking a broad view, it is certain that capital will to a large extent be misdirected, that force will be wasted, and that great trades will be nursed into sickly life, which will perish whenever they are again exposed to competition. Thus the general result of this movement will be to check the growth of wealth upon the Continent, and to make industrial progress slower than it is with ourselves. From a political point of view the reaction which is going on before our eyes is interesting, as showing the instability of reforms originated from above. The Governments of Europe generally were economically more enlightened than their subjects, and they entered into agreements with one another to facilitate international intercourse. The experiment succeeded admirably, but it did not convert the populations. They regarded Free-trade as good for fair weather, but when stormy times set in they cried out once more for Protection. It may be argued, therefore, that commercial treaties are useless, and that it is better to let people learn the evils of Protection from experience; but this would be an over-hasty conclusion to draw. In France we have the example of at least one great country which, there is reason to hope, has been effectually converted to sound principles by experimental proof of their success; and had the treaties been longer continued, other countries also might have taken the lesson to heart. In any case it is the duty of Governments, without troubling themselves with theoretical doubts, to insure for their subjects all the practical advantages they can obtain.

#### OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE new President of the Royal Academy has every reason to be satisfied with the first exhibition given under his rule. There is not among the paintings any such speciality as was found on a former occasion in the collection of Raeburn's portraits, and last year in that of pictures of the Norfolk school; but while the paintings exhibited are fully up to the mark of past years, there is added to them a marvellously fine collection of drawings. In the paintings, which alone we propose to consider in this article, the English school is in some respects less well represented than it has been of late at this exhibition. The Gainsboroughs, for instance, with the notable exception of one exquisite picture which the Catalogue assigns to Gainsborough, but which people best qualified to decide on such a matter do not recognize as his work, are certainly as a rule inferior to those of the last two years. The exception of which we speak is No. 5 in the first room, a portrait of a girl, "supposed to be a daughter of Lyttelton Poyntz Meynell, Esq.," in a straw hat. The treatment of the picture, which is singularly fine and striking, is certainly unlike that which we are accustomed to find in Gainsborough's work, but has a considerable resemblance to that of Hoppner. We may turn to some undoubted Gainsboroughs in this room as instances of what we have said as to the comparative inferiority of the works of this painter which are shown this year. In the "Portrait of Lady Whitecote" (13) the dog who holds his paw in the lady's lap is wonderfully true and life-like, but there is a strange feebleness and untruth in the drawing of the lady's figure. Again, "The Pink Boy" (39), which by its title challenges comparison with the celebrated "Blue Boy," has a curiously unpleasant effect running all through the colouring of the figure. To make up for this the background is singularly fine, and in the painter's best manner. The examples of Reynolds in this room are far more fortunate than those of Gainsborough. The portrait of Charles James Fox (17) is very striking, as is also that of "William, second Duke of Leinster" (44), in which the hands might be advantageously studied by all young portrait-painters; while the next picture—"Prince William Frederick of Gloucester" (45)—which is one of the treasures of Trinity College, Cambridge, is perhaps as beautiful an example of Sir Joshua's work as can be anywhere seen. Romney is represented by a fine "Lady Hamilton" (35) and by portraits of Mr. Lee Acton and his two wives (41, 20, 42). In the women's portraits (20, 42) one may discern, especially in the pose of the arms, the trick, as well as the true sense of beauty, which gives a charm to Romney's work. Mr. Lee Acton's portrait (41) shows a strength and perception of character on which the painter comparatively seldom relied. From the Fitzwilliam



Museum at Cambridge come two fine Hogarths, "Portrait of Dr. Arnold" (32) and "Portrait of Miss Arnold" (36). Among the figure pictures "The Return from Shooting" (14), by Wheatley, is attractive by its complete simplicity, being merely a faithful rendering of such a scene as, allowing for difference of costume, may be seen any day in the shooting season, without any idea of "making a picture." Such a thing cannot of course take any high rank as a work of art; but it is perhaps to be preferred to some so-called high art of the present day. Zoffany—whose two little figures of "Garriek and his Wife" (34), standing in front of a formal little villa, have a decided pleasantness about them—is also represented by a marvellously odd picture of "A Musical Party on the Thames; Portraits of the Family of William Sharp" (27). How the thirteen people who are crowded higgledy-piggledy together on the canvas managed to retain their various positions without upsetting either themselves or the boat must remain unexplained. There is no kind of artistic idea in the grouping and arrangement of the work, but each figure is full of character, and painted with extreme care, while there is a decided charm about the landscape background. Close to this hang two fine examples (25, 28) of Chardin, a painter whose work is comparatively little seen in England. Among the landscapes we may direct attention to "A Surrey Lane" (7), painted by Nasmyth, very much in the manner of Hobbema, to a landscape with figures by Morland (21), in which there is a wonderful sense of bright open air, and to a fine Constable (22) which hangs next to it, and in which the effect of a storm looming in the distance is particularly fine.

The Second Gallery has several fine portraits, among them two of a Dutch lady, and of a Dutch gentleman holding a glove (64, 68), by Bartholomew van der Helst. The second of these is extremely fine and powerful in pose and execution, and reminds one in one point of Titian's well-known "L'Homme au Gant" in the Louvre. The glove is in each case of the same kind, and a comparison of the masterly painting of the hands in both pictures might be of interest. In Van der Helst's portrait of the man there is a certain hardness in the contrast between the perhaps obtrusively white ruff and the black dress, which is avoided in the portrait of the lady, where a soft yellowish tinge is given to the ruff. Near the second of these portraits hangs one of a man by Frank Hals (71), which, if a little rough, is a fine specimen of this master's strength and discernment. Two landscapes, from the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, to which they were presented by Mr. Vansittart, a Ruysdael (79) and a Hobbema (84), are extremely good examples. Mr. Sanders sends two or three exquisite little works from his collection. Among them is a Van der Heyde, a "Street Scene in Utrecht" (92), which is certainly one of the most beautiful specimens of this painter's work in existence. The impression of daylight is marvellous, as is the extraordinarily minute, but never niggling, work bestowed on the architectural part of the picture. Such work as this should be a lesson to the people whose unhappy ideas as to the right way of catching a particular effect of light have led to the mischievous tenets of the "impressionist" school, or rather nursery. Another picture from the same collection, an "Italian Landscape," by Karel du Jardin (73), has perfect appreciation and rendering of natural beauty. The room contains several pictures by Teniers, one of which (75) is notable from the extraordinary and humorous aspect given to it by the insertion of mythological figures by another hand in the foreground. Van de Velde is also well represented, especially by "The Evening Gun" (72), in which the treatment of the light is even unusually fine. There are three Jan Steens (54, 57, 99). The first of these, which is called "Saying Grace," has a curious ugly tenderness, if we may use such an expression; the last, "A Dutch Festival," exhibits the painter's merits in a marked degree, but is oddly disfigured by the manner in which the central figure, by no means an attractive one, seems to come out of the picture, a defect which may be in some measure due to the efforts of cleaners.

The third and largest Gallery contains some very fine works, although it is not filled as it has been on some former occasions of these exhibitions. The "Sketch for the Ceiling at Whitehall Chapel," by Rubens (122), is interesting, and is one of the many things which show how much pains was taken by the so-called Old Masters in the execution of their work. Of three Murillos (117, 121, and 132), the last is the most remarkable; but cannot compare in excellence with the well-known similar subject by the same master in the Salon Carré at the Louvre. "The Rinaldo and Armida" (126) bearing the name of Vandyck is a magnificent specimen of the Flemish school attempting, and not unsuccessfully, to emulate the colouring of the Venetians. It is a fine composition, full of good drawing, and altogether a considerable performance. The Portrait of a Lady, ascribed to Leonardo (125), is at any rate a fine work of his school, and the companion picture (127), ascribed to Andrea Salaino, is well worth attention, as affording an early example of the sort of background much affected by some modern artists. It is a most beautiful study of foliage, while the figure is much out of drawing. The study for the heads of the infant children of Charles I.—the little Princess Elizabeth and Duke of Gloucester—by Vandyck (131), is very charming. The "Rape of Proserpine" (136), whatever may be thought as to its complete authenticity, but which seems entirely worthy of the hand, that of Titian, to which it is attributed, is a strong and grandly coloured picture. The horses are very powerful, and seem quite capable of forcing their way through the bed of a river, or even of bursting through

the solid earth. It is a work of which the possession may be envied. The mention of No. 139, as a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, is enough to give it interest; but it is a fine picture, well painted and exhibiting a countenance full of meaning. This lady died at the age of fifty-seven, and the features may not be those of an older woman, although the general aspect would seem to suggest a more advanced age. Of the two Tintoretos in the room, one (144) is terribly injured, and the other, a very large canvas (141), is a noble specimen of the school to which it belongs, and in it the costumes of the ladies and gentlemen introduced, certainly not beautiful in themselves, and which to the artist must have been modern, have been made eminently picturesque. A so-called Giorgione (145) can hardly be the work of that painter. It is remarkably clumsy and awkward in its figures, but may be looked into with advantage for the sake of its colour. No. 150, ascribed to Veronese, does not seem to be his work, but from internal evidence may be supposed to be that of Bassano. The portrait of Henrietta Maria gives a faded version of her early beauty, and asserts itself as a likeness, whether painted by the French artist mentioned in the Catalogue, or by the Flemish one named upon the frame. The Cuyp (164) is a beautiful picture, exhibiting the artist at his best in his well-known powers, but also revealing a grace in the treatment of child and animal life which will have novelty for most of us. Vandyck's "Doge of Genoa" (168) is wonderful for its treatment of such a mass of crimson drapery, as well as for its impressive portraiture. The Fourth Gallery is devoted to early oil-paintings of the Italian, Flemish, and German schools. Mr. Graham's "John Bellini" (203) is the finest thing in this room, and is in splendid preservation. Albert Dürer's "Virgin and Child" (217) is a very remarkable little picture, uniting a surprising effect of air and space with the most minute elaboration of details. It is a perfect gem of execution. The portrait of a man and woman in No. 219 may probably have come from a greater hand and from a different school than that to which Quentin Matsys belonged—perhaps indeed they may be justly ascribed to the greatest portrait-painter of the period. The last Gallery of those devoted to oil-paintings contains some fine specimens of Snyders, and of the great English animal-painters, Stubbs and Ward, and has in it a most beautiful small Canaletto (236). We propose on another occasion to return to the Royal Academy and dwell upon the marvellous collections of miniatures and drawings by the Old Masters now exhibited.

## REVIEWS.

### THE HIBBERT LECTURES.\*

IT may be doubted whether we yet know so much about religion that we can discuss its origin with profit. About its origin, however, people are always anxious to hear and to talk; and many so-called springs of religion have been discovered, from a primeval instinct to the custom of tattooing. Lecturing at the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, Professor Max Müller declined to admit either of these extreme hypotheses. He did not hold that the first men who believed and worshipped had received any sudden revelation, and he did not hold that they started with what is vaguely called "fetichism." What he did not believe he made clear enough; what he did hold to be true was less manifest. He averred that the "growth of the religion of the ancient Aryans of India was very different from the growth of other religions" (p. 50); but he held apparently that all religions were so far at least evolved in the same way that they did not spring from "fetichism." "We are bound to look elsewhere if we wish to discover what were the sensuous impressions that first filled the human mind with a suspicion of the supersensuous, the infinite, and the divine" (p. 127). Mr. Max Müller tells us very plainly what these sensuous impressions were in the case of the Aryans of India. If he distinguishes between "growth" and "origin," we may perhaps conclude that he supposes the same sensuous impressions (those produced by rivers, mountains, the sky, the rain, the dawn, the sun) to have first led the minds of Hottentots and Weddabs to the thought of the divine, or of whatever working substitute for that thought they may possess.

In the evolution of religion there are, in Professor Max Müller's theory, two elements. There is something in man, and something in the external world. What is in man the "seed" of all religions is "the perception of the infinite from which no one can escape who does not wilfully shut his eyes. From the first flutter of human consciousness that perception underlies all the other perceptions of our senses, all our imaginings, all our concepts, and every argument of our reason." Now what does Mr. Max Müller mean by the infinite? We may misunderstand him, but he appears to us only to mean the knowledge that there is something beyond what the eye sees, what the hand touches, what the mind has acquired as the result of actual experience. This knowledge, the result of every conscious action, is not, as Mr. Max Müller admits, definitely and explicitly presented to himself by untutored man. Children, savages, untaught people, know that there are expanses beyond their knowledge; but of "the infinite" they do not think or speak. "Everything of which his

\* Lectures on the Growth and Origin of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions of India. By F. Max Müller. M.A. London: Longmans & Co.; Williams & Norgate. 1878.

senses cannot perceive a limit is, to a primitive savage, or to any man in an early stage of intellectual activity, unlimited or infinite. Man sees, he sees to a certain point; and there his eyesight breaks down. But exactly where his sight breaks down there presses upon him, whether he likes it or not, the perception of the unlimited or the infinite" (p. 37). We would prefer to say that "experience shows him there is something beyond"; but, however we state it, this perception of the lack of definite bounds, of the existence of somewhat outside the ken of mind and body, is, if we understand Mr. Müller, the seed from which religions spring. As Mr. Müller has made the first cellule, so to speak, of this seed—namely, the invariable physical experience of a somewhat beyond—so plain, it is not clear why he postulates, "besides the sensuous and the rational, a third function of the conscious self, for apprehending the infinite" (p. 26). He does postulate this third function of the conscious self, and he declares, not only that it is the seed of all religions, but that it is the subjective side of religion. He wrote in 1873, and he only slightly modifies the statement of his opinion, "Religion is a mental faculty which, independent of, nay, in spite of, sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the infinite under different names and under varying disguises" (p. 23). Mr. Müller is ready, if any one prefers the terms, to say that "the subjective side of religion is not a faculty, but a potential energy, which enables man to apprehend the infinite." In his earlier definitions, too, Mr. Müller meant by religion only the "subjective side of it"; but to begin a paragraph with the assertion that "Religion is a mental faculty" is not unlikely to mislead, and indeed did for the moment bewilder us.

The "subjective element," then, in religion—the element in man and given by man—is the apprehension of the infinite, and the infinite is apprehended by a separate function of the conscious self. No one is very likely to admit the need of a separate function for the apprehension of the infinite who knows that his senses continually fail to give him the full extent of a view and never present an unlimited tangible object; while his reason is capable of erecting this failure of sense into a general rule that sense always will fail to reach a definite limit beyond which is nothingness. Again, even if we have a third function which apprehends the infinite, that function is as busy in creating the rest of our knowledge as in producing religion. Our knowledge depends for its very existence on the contrast and combination of the *πῶρος* and the *ἄπειρον*. Men wander over the mountain to see what is beyond (which is "infinite," as Mr. Müller says, to them—p. 37). They fashion tales to explain astronomical or terrestrial facts of which the causes are beyond their knowledge; and thus early science and early religion are so far alike that they both spring from the perception of the infinite. Thus Mr. Müller's definition seems to cover too much. The untutored man does not knowingly look for what we now call the infinite in his religion, his science, or his geographical explorations. For his own "infinite"—namely, the nearest portion of

that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when he moves,

he seeks as much in science and in physics as in religion. Thus Mr. Müller's "third function" seems needless, and the function, if it exists, or the knowledge of the absence of limit, however obtained by man, works not in the production of religion alone, but in all the conduct of life. It is not our business to suggest a better definition; but we cannot think Mr. Müller's statement of the "subjective side of religion" is entirely satisfactory, unless indeed by infinite he means something which we do not suppose him to mean.

Let us grant that the subjective side somehow exists, as of course we must, if we admit the existence of religion at all. Man is certainly capable, however he comes to be so, of building the fetish huts, the temples, the altars, the shrines of faith. What objects in the outer world or in the world of dreams first awake in him the belief of a power or powers higher than himself? Mr. Max Müller devotes his second lecture to disproving the theory that these objects are the rubbish that the "fetichist" treasures—stones, weeds, and so forth. We do not know that any people whose opinion is worth notice any longer look on "fetichism" as the sole origin of religion. Mr. Max Müller easily explodes the obsolete ideas of inquirers who confused the worship paid to imposing hills or streams, the cult offered to animals, and the veneration for mere scraps and odds and ends, in their sweeping use of the word fetichism. He easily proves, too, that many races that adore rubbish have in the background of their minds loftier ideas of divinity. He shows that numbers of Christian races, or of races given over to the most refined paganism, have practised fetichistic rites, and he asks why, if Russians and Romans, who were in the first place Christians or worshippers of the Olympians, practised fetichism, a savage who practises fetichism should not be, in the first place, a theist of some comparatively noble sort. The superstitious reverence for rubbish is universal, and Mr. Max Müller maintains that "it is a corruption of religion." One answer to all this is only too obvious. It is only Mr. Müller who chooses to say that "all that can be called fetish in the religions the history of which is known to us is secondary." The history of the Christianity of converted Finns and summarily baptized Russians is known to us, and we know that they were fetichists before they were Christians, and that they continue to be fetichists after their christening. In the religions of Greece and Rome we find fetichistic and magical practices like those which

exist in Africa, Iceland, and Kamtschatka. These things are secondary in importance, not in order of development. These practices are in the background of Greek myths and religion. Why may not the Greeks and Latins, like the Russians before Christianity, have employed fetichistic charms before they knew of the Olympian gods, and kept them up afterwards? Nothing in the State religions of the old world discouraged the fetichisms and taboos of the superstitious man in Theophrastus's "Characters." Men could retain the rites which are now known to savages under Zeus, or Isis, or Dionysus, and could moreover invent new fetichisms of their own unrebuked. The ubiquity of an institution is in favour of its being primary, not secondary. The most ancient images of the Greek gods were rude, unhewn stones, or half-animal figures. What process of corruption or degradation acted alike on the Zulus, on the wild races of Peru before the Incas, on the Samoyeds, on the Portuguese, the Russians, the Romans, and the Greeks? That is what Mr. Max Müller has to show, if he wishes to establish his opinion. What was the more sweet and reasonable religion which Greece knew before the people of Phigalia worshipped the horse-headed Demeter, before the votaries of Artemis danced the bear-dance? what was the better faith of the Maoris before fetish stones were held in honour? what sublimer creed inspired the Samoyeds before they made sacrifice to blood-bedabbled dolls? and what similar process of corruption ruined the purer cults of Greeks, Maoris, and Siberians, and made them adore rubbish, and dance, in the guise of beasts, in face of bestial deities? The sad results are the same everywhere, as Mr. Max Müller admits. Corruption of religion ended in the same fetichism. The difficulty is to recover in fancy that happier time before fetichism, and to imagine causes so wide in their range, so identical in their result—causes which affected in precisely the same way the ancestors of the most civilized and of the most besotted peoples. On the hypothesis that, of the two, fetichism is earlier than nobler creeds, or at least is not later in development, the difficulty disappears. Men, as they advance in culture, advance—as a rule, and speaking very widely—in grandeur and purity of religious ideas; but they do not therefore wholly lay aside, nay, they often hug with superstitious eagerness, the old grotesque absurdities; even if they abandon them, they return to them. As to Mr. Müller's argument that the fetichist explains his fetiches by calling them "gods," and that therefore the idea of "god" is prior to the ideas which produce fetich-worship, it scarcely needs to be answered. How the fetichist now explains the practice which he inherits is not to the purpose. He explains all he does and all the world in one way or other. By this time the idea of "god" has been made familiar to perhaps every race, but who can argue thence that it was familiar to the first fetich worshippers? The conception of some such power as a fetich worshipper may now call "god," in some low sense or other, might even be evolved out of the contemplation of the magical attributes assigned to various separate fetiches. As to the basis of the magical attributes, that is to be found in the simple metaphysics and natural philosophy of savages. From this, that, and the other example of magical power, the notion of such power in the abstract could be evolved, and that notion again could be heightened into savage godhead, and that godhead conceived to animate individual fetiches. From missionaries, too, and Mahomedans the idea of "god" might be derived, and used to explain the adoration paid to fetiches, which may have been honoured before the explanation was dreamed of. Granting to Mr. Müller that no race is now exclusively fetichistic, his argument about the application of the term "god" to the fetich is answered at once. The higher conception (however attained, whether a result of teaching from without or of reflection on ghosts, shadows, dreams, and on the life ascribed to stars and to the sun) is now used to explain the lower practice. It does not follow that men had the idea of God when they first treasured fetiches—a statement which a remark of Mr. Müller's about the technically godless Aryans of India seems to force him to admit to be true (p. 197).

We have now examined Mr. Müller's definition of the subjective germ of religion, and his account of what the objective element in religion was not. The definition fails to satisfy, and the destructive arguments against the theory that fetichism was one of the earliest traceable elements in religion, not a corruption of religion, really seem rather to prove the opposite of what the lecturer intended to demonstrate. We have now to see what the sensuous outward objects were that did for the Aryans what fetiches did not do, that first awoke religion in them. Mr. Müller's third lecture is a masterly abstract of information about the ancient religious literature of India. It is from that literature that he derives his opinion as to the "sensuous impressions that first filled the human mind with a suspicion of the supersensuous, the infinite, and the divine." Yet Mr. Müller admits that "one can nowhere watch the first vital movements of a nascent religion" (p. 129). This being so, it is not for our present purpose of much importance that he does not find fetichism in the Rig Veda. "Tangible objects [which the fetichist adores] are hardly represented at all among the so-called deities of the Rig Veda. Stones, bones, shells, herbs, and all the other so-called fetiches are simply absent in the old hymns, though they appear in more modern hymns, particularly those of the Atharva Veda." We fear that other eyes might see other things in the Rig Veda; but, granting Mr. Müller's position, how are we any further advanced? The Rig Veda represents the highest religious ideas of a comparatively advanced civilization. Long before its hymns were chanted, before the Aryan race separated, the race was, comparatively



speaking, civilized. Its members were perhaps as far advanced as the Kirghiz Tartars of to-day. Thus the Rig Veda only shows us what was the religion of a highly-gifted people, at a time when it had all the necessary appliances of civilized life. It cannot possibly show us what the remote ancestors of that people believed or practised. Again, it is necessary to ask, how did the charmed stones, bones, shells, herbs, and so forth, get into the later Atharva Veda and into modern Indian practice? How did the vast wave of "corruption," of fetichism sweep from Behring's Straits to Peru, from China to Ceylon, across the whole surface of the world, reaching India at a time when Mr. Max Müller must think comparatively definite, at a time between the date of the Rig Veda and of the Atharva Veda?

The recrudescence of fetichism in religion may be explained in several ways. On the hypothesis of inquirers who give it a place among the earliest germs of the sense of the supernatural, it never dies out, but clings to the ritual of even the Olympian gods, and is ever apt to become prominent, as religion, in one of the fluctuations of the human spirit, gives place to superstition. The history of unrevealed religion is one of ebb and flow; the ebb leaves bare the old desolate shores of faith, and men fall back on adoration of the "stones and shells" that the "moving waters in their priest-like task" had covered. Indeed the character of the priest-hoods and temple fraternities of many an old religion was to cling to the savage mysteries that the lay world had outgrown, and, when a chance came, to reinstate them in a prominent place. It is by some such ebb in the "sea of faith" that people who hold the opposite opinion to that entertained by Mr. Max Müller explain the degradation of Aryan religion in India. They think that fetichism, with many other beliefs and practices, filled the countless years before the Rig Veda, that fetichism was almost hidden by the purer faith of the early Vedic times, and came to importance again, as various causes promoted superstition to the prejudice of religion. They cannot possibly say with Mr. Müller that there is no room for fetichism in the earliest documents of religious thought in India, "as little as there is room for lias before or within the granite." Before the Vedas, there is room at least for the change from a savage to a civilized society; and how can Mr. Müller hold that there is not room for the change from the rudest superstition to a cultivated religion?

We have treated the Hibbert Lectures controversially, because they naturally stimulate discussion, as indeed it is apparently the intention of their promoters that they should do. We must confess that Professor Max Müller's arguments do not carry us with them, that they raise more questions than they settle, and leave the "Origin of Religion" still unexplained. Their value as a popular exposition of the views of one of the most learned, accomplished, and genial of modern scholars, has been and will be widely, not to say universally, acknowledged.

#### SMITH'S LIFE OF COBBETT.\*

IT may be fairly said that the life of Cobbett was worth writing, and perhaps it is not going too far to say that Mr. Smith's Life of Cobbett is worth reading. But there is a good deal of hard work to be faced by the reader who sets himself to get through these two volumes. Mr. Smith found that he had selected a dreary piece of work, and thought he might console himself by adopting the style of a sensational novelist. What there really is to be said about Cobbett might be said within a very moderate space. The main events of his queer, adventurous life are soon run through, and were not inadequately summarized by Lord Dalling in his *Historical Characters*; but it is undeniable that a short story can be made long if the author knows how to manage his business. Sensational headings, ironical comments, notes of admiration, and comic digressions make a book long; and if Mr. Smith thinks they make it lively, he is not without the example of more elaborate writers to justify him. And in some respects he is a very suitable biographer for Cobbett. He honestly and thoroughly believes in the greatness and usefulness of Cobbett's work. He heartily admires Cobbett's character. He sees Cobbett's very eccentric mode of conducting himself in the best possible light. Unless it had been a labour of love it is hard to understand how any one could have persuaded himself to undergo the labour of collecting all the materials of a Life of Cobbett and of putting them together. On the other hand, he can see some spots in the sun. Cobbett is occasionally too absurd even for Mr. Smith; and so the narrative has not the wearisome character of an unbroken panegyric.

When it is said that Cobbett had the command of a style forcible, picturesque, and all his own, that he was never afraid of any one, and that he beard the Government in bad times, and made a wonderfully good fight against oppression and corruption, all is said that can be said. He was very ignorant, very obstinate, very prejudiced, and very quarrelsome. In fact, he had the virtues and defects of a self-made man. The son of an agricultural labourer, and for seven years a private soldier, he toiled through English grammar until he not only mastered it, but lived to write the best grammar of its day. He acquired a fair knowledge of French, and had the honour of giving English lessons to Talleyrand when they were both in America. He attained a sufficient acquaintance with English history to compose a partisan

account of the Reformation. All this is meritorious; but other self-made men have done more. What he had to distinguish him was the felicity of his style and the peculiar direction of his energy. In spite of its force and beauty, his style, however, has not sufficed to keep his books alive. The number of the readers of Mr. Smith's biography who have read, or ever will read, a page of Cobbett's voluminous writings must be very small. They are dead with the politics that begot them; and, if it were not for a few exquisite passages describing English rural life and scenery, Cobbett would not be known even by extracts from his works. The main direction of his energies was to plead the cause of the English poor. This was only the main direction; for, as he quarrelled with every one, he was nearly swamped in the floods of his gushing vituperation. But his chief work was to maintain that much ought to be done for the poor, and that the poor ought to do much for themselves. In carrying out this work he showed real originality. He was always trying schemes which he thought would make the nation richer and therefore the poor better off. He strove hard to introduce the planting of the locust-tree and the culture of maize. His *Political Register* was a perfectly novel kind of literature, designed to give the poor an education, and to let them know what was happening among the great, as well as to denounce those who, as he thought, were wronging them. He published his *Register*, with only one interruption for a few months in 1817, for more than thirty years, and he made at least one side of politics intelligible to thousands who would otherwise have known nothing of politics. In this sense it may be said, without exaggeration, that he gave an impetus to the progress of the nation. Among the elements of the change which led to the Reform Bill the influence of Cobbett's writings holds an undeniable place. His history, so far, makes part of the history of England; and no one can pretend to understand the condition of English society in the period from the Peace to the triumph of Lord Grey's Ministry who has not studied the career and the writings of Cobbett. In spite of all his absurdities and fallacies, there was something in what he was and in what he did which cannot be overlooked.

Cobbett was a socialist, although perhaps no other socialist has been exactly of the same type. Still socialists generally may be divided into those who look backward to an ideal past and those who look forward to an ideal future; and Cobbett belonged to the former general division. He had not a sufficient smattering of philosophy to appeal to that imaginary state of human society when the original contract by which the rulers and the ruled are bound together was at once understood and maintained. He lived long before the time when the study of ancient institutions had so far advanced that writers like M. de Laveleye can think they see the best hope for Europe in a revival of the system of tribal community. His ideal past was the past of the people of England. He claimed for the suffering labourers that they should have given back to them that of which they had been robbed. He inveighed against the odious spoliation by which the vast estates which the Church once held for the poor were cast into the lap of courtly adventurers. He maintained that the tithes originally belonged to the poor as well as to the parson. He insisted that Parliament was once intended to represent, and in point of fact did represent, all classes. Wherever he looked he found abuses, but he contended that they were the abuses of a good system. Corruption, pensions, military tyranny, Government persecutions, rotten boroughs, filled him with deep indignation, and afforded endless material for his facile pen; but all these bad things had come upon the country because bad men had got hold of power. England had been not only ruined, but changed, by an evil-minded oligarchy. To repair the ruin it was only necessary to sweep away the change, and to restore England to what England once was. He was always in profession, and probably in his real feelings, a steady loyalist. He had no jealousy of the Crown, and he held to the last that government by King, Lords, and Commons was the best government in the world. He was enthusiastic for the great war, and hated Napoleon with his whole heart. He never dreamt of attacking the Corn-laws, and was too much engaged in farming himself to object to the price of food being enhanced by protection. But he made up for this by opinions on the currency which were in those days what protection became to a later generation. He wanted a sufficiency of bank-notes to make things go smoothly, and actually, when he got into the House of Commons, proposed that Sir Robert Peel should be struck out of the list of the Privy Council for having proposed the resumption of cash payments. Naturally, with these opinions, he detested above all men the Whigs. They were worse than all; for they played with Reform, and so managed Reform, when they were forced to take it up seriously, as to do the poor no good, and give them nothing of what was their due. They seemed indeed to Cobbett to be of all his enemies the most pernicious, for they copied his ideas only to spoil them.

When the general outline of Cobbett's opinions is before us, it is difficult not to be struck with the substantial resemblance which they bear to the opinions shadowed forth in Lord Beaconsfield's novels. *Sybil* and *Coningsby* are a reproduction of the *Political Register*, touched with the hand of genius, and so given that it is impossible to say how far the new Cobbett believes in his Cobbettism. But, so far as Mr. Disraeli wrote to teach as well as to amuse, he was sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, and his Gamaliel was the vituperative farmer who had just passed away from Parliamentary circles before he himself entered them. The Venetian oligarchy, the beauty of monasteries, the affinity of the Crown and the

\* *William Cobbett: a Biography.* By Edward Smith. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

people, the existence of two nations in one country, the foundation of an aristocracy on spoliation, the magnitude of the rural interest, even our famous friend the Conservative working-man, are all to be found in the pages of Cobbett, although clothed in the coarse and humble garb with which alone Cobbett was able to invest them. Cobbett set himself to attain practical ends, while Mr. Disraeli set himself to change the spirit of the governing classes. Both had something really to teach, and both managed to inculcate useful lessons. Most of the abuses which Cobbett attacked have been swept away, if not altogether by the detested Whigs, yet under their guidance. The spirit of the governing classes has been changed, and Mr. Disraeli has contributed in an appreciable way to the change. To both very much has been forgiven in consideration of the services they have rendered. There was even something of similarity in their lives and their characters. Each started under enormous disadvantages, and yet even in those disadvantages there was something advantageous to them. Cobbett gained his knowledge of the poor in his own early home, and Mr. Disraeli sucked in literature from the cradle. Both rose by audacity and sheer force of character. Both leapt into notoriety by vituperation, and made themselves feared in order to get a hearing. Mr. Disraeli, however, was so enormously superior in sense and knowledge of the world that the parallel cannot be pushed very far. Cobbett could never surmount the misfortune of being a self-made man. He had no perception of the ridiculous, and he had not the slightest notion of the profundity of his ignorance. But still Cobbett was the one original socialist of his day, just as Mr. Disraeli was the one Tory who could educate his party. It may perhaps be added that both have been more admired and listened to than trusted. Just as there used to be a feeling that no one could guess what the next number of the *Political Register* would contain, so even now there is a feeling that no one can guess what Lord Beaconsfield will do in the next Session. The comparison is of course only true within certain limits; but that the comparison is possible gives an interest to the career of Cobbett which may be pleaded as a justification, if any is needed, for giving a new biography of him to the world.

#### BEERBOHM'S WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA.\*

WE are not a little puzzled by the map with which Mr. Beerbohm illustrates his journey in Patagonia. When we measure the distance he travelled by the scale of miles that he gives, we find that he went at least one thousand miles. But when we estimate it by the degrees of latitude we find that he went at the very outside four hundred. According to his scale, one degree of latitude is equal to about two hundred miles. The blunder, however, may not be Mr. Beerbohm's. It is nevertheless certainly surprising that when he inspected the map—for we may assume that he did inspect it before the book was published—he failed to discover the mistake that had been made by the designer. A man who went through all the hardships that Mr. Beerbohm encountered as, partly on horseback and partly on foot, he made his way from Port St. Julian to Sandy Point, would have had, we should expect, a sharp eye to the distances. Every one who has made a walking tour even in our own country knows how carefully he calculates by his map the distances he has travelled, and how alive he would be to any very gross blunder. But what are the hardships that a pedestrian can meet with in England when compared with the dreadful risks and the sufferings to which for many days Mr. Beerbohm was exposed? It is difficult to account for the mistake, though likely enough a satisfactory explanation can be furnished. We are also scarcely less puzzled by the length of the summer night in these latitudes. The author happened to arrive at Sandy Point on the Straits of Magellan the day before the revolt of the Ohilian convicts. He describes the events of the night of November 11th, which we may take as corresponding to that of May 11th in England. Sandy Point is nearly two degrees further from the equator than London, so that its night in summer would be rather longer than ours. He describes himself as waking about midnight, getting up and looking out at the weather, and then lying down again for an hour. This would take him to one o'clock. He was then roused by some fugitives who were seeking shelter and rest. He received them, heard an account of their adventures, provided them with tea, and managed to make up some beds for them. They retired to rest, while he and his comrade sat up consulting as to their plan of action. In the midst of their discussion two other fugitives came in, who sat down and joined a Scotchman who was present in drinking whisky. We can scarcely assign less than an hour to these occurrences, which brings us to two o'clock. Next, a body of drunken soldiers, who had mutinied and joined the convicts, burst into the house, and for two hours kept the author in the greatest anxiety lest they should discover the fugitives. At last they left. This takes us to four o'clock. He at once ran to the fugitives, and told them that they had better leave the house and fly to the woods. When they went out they found that "it was raining, and the night was as dark as could be." Now on May 11th the sun rises at London at about a quarter-past four. On November 11th in the latitude of Sandy Hook it would rise rather earlier. But, even if we allow that the author was an hour wrong in his calculations, yet, even at three,

the night certainly was not as dark as could be, for the dawn would have appeared. Mr. Beerbohm may probably answer that it is unreasonable to expect that a man who has encountered such risks as he went through should be accurate in the account he gives of the time. We are willing to admit that there is some force in the excuse, and will therefore, without any further delay, give a short account of his journey.

His narrative is, on the whole, lively and interesting. His style is at times too high flown, and now and then is disfigured by errors in the use of words. He uses lay down for lie down, and reliable for trustworthy. We much doubt whether a horse can be properly described as impervious to fatigue, and we do not see why sea-captains and rude Indians elect to take a certain course, instead of making up their minds or choosing. Elect sounds well enough in a novel, but in a coasting-voyage or in a scamper over the Pampas the simpler word seems more natural. The same may be said of "the caloric of our bodies." Warmth would surely have expressed everything that the author wished to say. If, however, when he is telling how he heaped up a fire to keep himself warm, he wishes to use so learned a term as caloric, we would advise him to have the whole expression in keeping. He must surely elect—to use one of his favourite words—between warmth of the body and corporal caloric. We now and then doubt whether he attaches any very precise meaning to the term that he uses. For instance, in describing the current of a river he says, that "it darted about capriciously without apparently depending on any topographical influences." It is difficult to see how the current of any river can depend on influences that are descriptive of a place, whatever they may be. However, happily for our author, the readers of the present day are so used to a constant interchange in the uses of words that they are not likely to be troubled by such trifling inaccuracies as these. So long as a word is evidently derived from the Greek, it is always in good credit in whatever company it may be found. In spite, therefore, of these little drawbacks, Mr. Beerbohm's narrative will, we have little doubt, be found interesting. He was one of a party that started in the month of August in last year to survey a portion of the coast of Patagonia. They landed at the desolate harbour of St. Julian, which remains in just the same state as it was found by Magellan, and later on by Drake. Drake indeed had discovered one mark of civilization, for there was still standing a gallows which Magellan had set up more than fifty years earlier. But even this one trace of civilized life had no doubt long disappeared before the surveying party from Buenos Ayres arrived. Mr. Beerbohm did not remain many weeks with them, for he received letters which required his immediate return. There was no chance of a vessel calling at St. Julian, and he therefore resolved to go overland southwards to Sandy Point, on the Straits of Magellan, where the steamers from the Pacific touch. He joined a party of ostrich-hunters who were making for that port. The chief of the party was an Argentine Guacho, with a dash of Indian blood in his veins. His life had been a strange one. He had served in the Argentine army, had deserted and run away with a tribe of Indians, had lived among them for a time, and at length had left them and had taken up his present life. He owned no less than thirty horses, which he drove along with him wherever he went, and, though he had no house of any kind, yet was looked upon as a rich man. The second was a man whose "yellow beard and blue eyes seemed to betoken a Saxon rather than a Spanish descent." He also had been a soldier in the Argentine army, and had taken part in many a fight with the Indians. The third was a Frenchman who had been a blacksmith, and who had formed part of the garrison of Belfort when it was besieged by the Germans. His appetite was enormous. "I have known him," says the author, "eat six ostriches' eggs in the space of eight hours, independent of his ordinary meals." The fourth and last was a young Austrian sailor who had been wrecked on the shores of Patagonia. He was as distinguished by his learning as the Frenchman was by his appetite; for he was "an accomplished linguist, and spoke Spanish, Italian, French, German, and English with tolerable fluency." What was the language that, as being his own, he spoke with considerable fluency we are nowhere told. There have been those who imagine that there is an Austrian language, but it is most improbable that our author is one of these.

Such was the party with which he started on his long journey. They had about fifty horses and a pack of dogs. Each morning they chose a fresh horse, catching him by means of the lasso. As they rode along they were always on the look-out for ostriches, which supplied them both with food and with feathers to trade with. They had no adventures of any great moment till they reached the banks of the river Gallegos. This they found so swollen by the floods that it was hopeless to venture to cross it. Their provisions were almost exhausted, and, though they could always procure meat, yet it was so lean that by itself it was scarcely sufficient to support life. They had no tent with them, and there was not even a bush to afford them shelter. Hour after hour they sat exposed to a cold rain-storm trying to warm themselves at a fire which gave out little heat but a great deal of smoke. They rode up the river and down it to try different fords, but all to no purpose. One night there was a heavy fall of snow, and they woke up to find themselves covered by it. At length their provisions were exhausted and they had nothing to depend on but what they caught by hunting. Weary of the delay Mr. Beerbohm and the Frenchman resolved, in spite of the warnings of the others, to try to cross the river on their horses. They made

\* *Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters.* By Julius Beerbohm. With Map and Illustrations. London: Chatto & Winston. 1879.



more than one trial, but without success. They were both nearly drowned. Mr. Beerbohm, in fact, was swept from his horse and was saved by catching hold of a valise which was strapped to its back. They then parted company with the others and rode sixty miles off to another ford, which "for topographical reasons" they thought more favourable for their purposes. They resolved to make another attempt by driving their horses before them, and then swimming over themselves. They took off their clothes, and wrapped them up with all the rest of their goods in their cloaks. These they strapped on the horses' backs. If the horses reached the opposite shore their masters would be forced to follow, as, stripped of their clothes and exposed to a strong wind that brought hail and snow, they could not have lived many hours. The rashness of the attempt almost passes belief. Mr. Beerbohm was, he says, most anxious to catch the next steamer, and was utterly weary of his diet. These reasons, strong though they may have been, were scarcely sufficient to justify two men, worn out with exposure and poor food, in running such risks. Their first attempt failed, as the horses were carried back by the force of the current. They passed some more days in this miserable state, and got still weaker. At length they made a second attempt. The horses crossed over and so did the Frenchman. Mr. Beerbohm was swept back to the shore whence he had started. He managed to get to the fire which they had left, and there warmed himself up for another trial. This time he got over safely. But their dangers were by no means over. The next night they lost their horses and had to make their way through the wilderness on foot. Happily in a day or two, when their strength was almost spent, they fell in with Indians, and got food and horses to continue their journey. They might well have thought they had gone through dangers enough, but fate had not yet done her worst. The very night of their arrival at Sandy Point the convicts rose, burning the town and murdering the inhabitants. Our author had a narrow escape, and only saved himself by hiding in the depths of a forest till a steamer arrived and took him off. After such adventures as these it is scarcely surprising that, when a friend asked him whether he would care to go again to Patagonia, he answered, shuddering, "By Jove; no!" He must remember, however, that neither rivers nor convicts are always rising, and that, if he were to make a second journey, he might likely enough not even have a chance of getting drowned, frozen to death, or murdered. In that case, however, his narrative would be wanting in those exciting scenes which will recommend the present volume to not a few readers.

#### KERNER'S FLOWERS AND THEIR UNBIDDEN GUESTS.\*

A NEW and inviting field was opened to botanical research by the publication, in the year 1862, of Mr. Darwin's book on the fertilization of orchids. The striking and suggestive series of facts and generalizations brought together in that work assigned to flowers a sphere of operations in nature hardly dreamt of before, and capable of boundless expansion. Not only are flowers fitted to administer delight to the senses through their beauty and fragrance, but they are shown to fulfil a function of direct and vital utility in the vegetable kingdom of which they are the ornament. Assuming the primary design or tendency of all organic life to be that of self-perpetuation, we must needs attach the utmost importance to all those processes or appliances in nature which concur towards that end. The maximum of fecundation may be said to be the ideal goal towards which nature seems to strive, whilst no less varied and boundless are the agencies she seeks to press into her service. Among the main conditions of progress is found to be the more or less frequent intercrossing with fresh and independent forms of life. A mass of observations has made good Mr. Darwin's broad generalization that nature abhors perpetual self-fertilization. This principle holds no less in regard to plant-life than does that of a new strain in the experience of the breeder of animal stock. What can there be, then, of more importance or interest in the eyes of a physiological botanist than to trace out those appliances which can be shown to exist in the vast majority of flowering plants for securing a more or less varied intercross among them, and for excluding as far as may be the possibility of self-fecundation? Such is the aim proposed to himself by Dr. A. Kerner in the admirable little work lately issued here in an English form by Dr. W. Ogle, prefaced by a commendatory letter from Mr. Darwin, who, while thinking it possible that some of Kerner's generalizations may hereafter require to be modified, expresses a high conviction of the value of his work. Dr. Ogle, who has brought to the task of editor a sympathetic feeling for the same pursuits, makes mention of a kind of anticipation on his own part of the leading principle of Dr. Kerner's researches. Nearly three years ago he had been impressed with the fact that the stem of *Lychnis viscaria* was encircled with a ring of sticky secretion, which he at first thought might serve as a trap for small insects, to be digested and absorbed as food. The insects failing to be thus disposed of, he was led to the inference that the end subserved

was to keep off such insects, especially ants, as were too small and weak to effect cross-fertilization. Propounding this hypothesis to Mr. Darwin, he was told that the evidence was not yet sufficient for proof. Before he had time for the accumulation of further evidence, Dr. Kerner's essay made its appearance, which verified on a wider scale the theory he had presaged, and of which he set himself to give the benefit to the English public. The thesis, though new, is, he truly allows, a branch of the tree planted by Mr. Darwin, yet foreshadowed curiously enough in the *Loves of the Plants*. The grandfather of our great naturalist, while ignorant of the true relation between insects and flowers, had noted the function of one of the appliances described by Dr. Kerner—water-cups formed by the connate leaves of the teasel for the protection of its nectar. Still more decided is the reference by Mr. Belt, in his delightful work on Nicaragua, to the contrivances possessed by many flowers for preventing useless insects from obtaining access to their nectaries, admitting those alone which subserve the purposes of cross-fertilization by means of the pollen they introduce. In these anticipations we see so many special lines of thought radiating from the central idea of natural selection, illustrative of the preservation of advantageous varieties in nature. To work out this principle as it seems to explain a large class of provisions for the fecundation of plants is the task which Dr. Kerner has set himself in his interesting essay.

Such terms as "self-fertilization" are, as the author premises, to be avoided for their extreme indefiniteness. He would substitute "autogamy," to express the fecundation of a flower by the pollen from the androecium of the same flower; "geitonogamy" for the fecundation of a flower by pollen from other flowers on the same plant, and "xenogamy"—coming with the last-named class under the common title of "allogamy"—for the fecundation of a flower by pollen from other plants. He goes on to show the functional significance of the various parts in relation to these several processes, pointing to the accumulation of functions in parts morphologically identical which may determine the endless multiplicity of their forms. Not that he would pretend fully to explain hereby how that multiplicity originated, or what was its primary state. That question, with the further one—why plants in general produce flowers and fruit, instead of remaining limited to the vegetative mode of reproduction?—he considers outside the present inquiry. He starts with the assumption that the sexual mode of reproduction by periodic flowers and fruit is advantageous to every plant, finding as it does a possibility for the origination of new individuals differing in external character from the parent plant, and thus giving rise to new specific differences, advancing in type. It will be found, he contends, that the position, direction, and shape of the leaf, perianth, or other parts of the plant, are of no less significance for the preservation or advancement of a species than the form, colour, or smell of a flower; and that no hair or bristle is meaningless, whether found on the cotyledon or the leaf, on the stem, or the blossom. Enough has been done to establish the relation which subsists between the parts of the flower and the insects which visit it, as well as the manifold ways in which the pollen is distributed by these visitors in the course of their flying or creeping elsewhere, and the means whereby the pollen is protected from premature disposal through waste or frost or wet. But there are many peculiarities of shape presented by flowers which are not to be explained by reference to this formation. There are visitors whose invasion would be injurious in manifold ways, and it is to the means devised by nature for the exclusion of these unbidden and unwelcome guests that our author draws attention. A simple group of bristles or prickles in any part of a leaf or stem that has to be traversed by a snail, caterpillar, or other soft-bodied insect will put an effectual stop to its getting into the flower. The wingless aphides, which, if placed upon the perianth or other part of the flower, greedily thrust their rostrum into the rich juicy tissue, are hopelessly disconcerted by bristly or prickly leaves and stems, over which chitinous insects in their horny armour march with perfect ease. Now it is precisely among these chitinous insects, Dr. Kerner remarks, that many species are to be found whose visits would interfere very prejudicially with the functions of some or other of the parts of the flower:—

For in most cases the bodily dimensions of such creatures are not adapted to the general conformation of the flower; that is, their dimensions are so small that, in diving into the recesses of the flower for the nectar there secreted, they would touch neither the anthers nor the stigma. The result therefore of their visits would be that not only would the affluence, that is, the nectar, be taken away from those insects which possess bodies of a suitable size, and thus the advantage be lost which attaches to the visits of such invited guests, but that a further evil would ensue, inasmuch as these little unbidden guests would fill up the bottom of the flower, and so cause a mechanical hindrance, which would prevent the larger and welcome insects from pushing their trunks to the bottom of the nectaries.

Most insects that are armed with mail of chitin are winged, and, if vegetable feeders, reach the flowers by flying. Some of them, however, are wingless; and these, like the snails, have to crawl over the axis and leaves to the flower. Now the visits of these wingless insects are disadvantageous, even if they possess such size of body that, in pushing to the bottom of the flower, they would rub in due succession against the pollen and the stigma. For, even when they leave a flower laden with pollen, such insects have a long journey before they can climb up to another flower of the same species, during which the pollen may be rubbed off by leaves or stems or hairs, or be washed off by weather. Nor is it likely that the flower which it reaches with difficulty will be in most cases exactly suitable for its reception; whereas the winged insect fits

\* *Flowers and their Unbidden Guests*. By Dr. A. Kerner, Professor of Botany in the University of Innsbruck. With a Prefatory Letter, by Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. The Translation Revised and Edited by W. Ogle, M.A., M.D., sometime Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. With Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

readily from flower to flower with its load of pollen fresh upon it, generally carrying on its visits to a succession of flowers of the same species. This latter propensity, Dr. Ogle remarks in a note, has been observed by Aristotle in the case of bees, which are wont to restrict themselves during one expedition to a single species of flower, such as the violet. The editor has himself during his Alpine rambles been struck by seeing *Bombus montanus* visiting only the inconspicuous flowers of *Anthyllis alpestris*, passing over the numerous and far more conspicuous nectar-bearing flowers of *Pedicularis Jacquinii* and *P. incarnata*. It may well be to keep off such insects as are wingless, and to allow access to those only which fly, that flowers of very small size—flowers, *i.e.* in which very tiny insects, in pressing forward to the nectariferous recesses, would necessarily come into contact with the anthers and the stigma (such as many *Compositæ*, *Cruciferae*, *Caryophyllaceæ*, *Saxifragæ*, *Asperifoliae*, &c.)—are provided with defensive appliances in the way of bristles and hairs. Of all the wingless insects, the most unwelcome guests to flowers are the widely dispersed ants, which yet are the very ones with the greatest appetite for nectar. Curious experiments, on the part both of the author and editor, attest and illustrate the fact of ants smelling saccharine fluids at considerable distances. When deprived of protection, either by accident or artificial means, nectariferous flowers, such as *Melanthus*, will be found swarming with ants, though in their natural state or position they are effectually protected from these inroads during the critical period of inflorescence. In *Phygellus capensis* all access is rendered impossible to ants during the period of flowering; but no sooner has the corolla detached itself from the torus than the nectar, of which there is still an abundant store, is accessible to the greedy insects. The flowers falling off, their nectar is useless, being no longer needed to attract such flying insects as cause intercrossing.

In the description accompanying the admirable plates at the end of his book, Dr. Kerner explains succinctly and clearly the contrivances of nature in the instances named, and in innumerable others scarcely less marked or interesting, for compassing an end so essential to the perpetuation of vegetable life. In some cases, as in *Knaulia dipsacifolia*, the stem is seen beset with bristly hairs, which effectually keep crawling guests away; in others, as in *Linnaea borealis*, the calyx and bracts are covered with glandular trichomes, of which ten rows highly viscid are set on the calyx of *Plumbago europæa*. In *Gentiana verna* the aperture of the flower is seen to be closed by eight fringed epiblastemes. *Symphytum officinale* shows a pair of stamens alternating with two prickly epiblastemes. Several gentians and campanulas, which our author somewhat fancifully terms revolving flowers, have nectaries with their throats so contracted and so deep that only a slender and lengthy proboscis can effectually penetrate them, which implies an insect of superior size. *Nigella* is closed with a lid which he has observed ants strive in vain to lift up, but which bees can raise with perfect ease. In the snapdragons and allied plants a swelling of the lower lip of the corolla so closes the entrance to the flower that it requires a muscular insect to force a passage. Through these and other instances without number Dr. Kerner traces the operation of a beneficent law or provision whereby nature keeps guard over her treasures, and works in furtherance of that end of progressive fecundity which all observation shows to underlie her efforts.

#### PAUL FABER, SURGEON.\*

OF all kinds of novels the religious novel is apt to be the least desirable. There are a certain class of people who will read it and no other kind, much as they will go to see a play performed at the Crystal Palace by the same actors whose representations they would refuse to witness in a London theatre. Fiction in a general way is to them a thing to be avoided; but a book which combines the pleasure of invention with the flavour of a sermon may surely be read with a clear conscience. When such books, written, as no doubt some of them are, with sincerely good intentions, contain nothing absolutely offensive, people who think them mistaken in point of taste will not be inclined to blame their authors with great severity. We do not presume to inquire with what precise intentions Mr. MacDonald may have written *Paul Faber, Surgeon*, but we do presume to say without hesitation that there is much offence in it.

To criticize such a production as being a work of art in any sense would be hopeless, if not ridiculous, and it is a matter of comparatively small importance that Mr. MacDonald's style is of the most irritating kind, especially when, as in his opening chapter, he indulges in what he probably regards as a vein of gentle humour. In this chapter "Paul Faber, Surgeon," is introduced to us as making a reckless leap on a big horse into a road, where he meets the carriage of Mr. Bevis, Rector of Glaston. The rector upbraids him for his foolhardiness, and "It is but fair to give my patients a chance now and then," returned the surgeon, who never met the rector but there was a merry passage between them." This merry jest is capped by the rector, who timidly makes a feeble joke about Death in the Revelation, and finishes his speech with this pleasant sarcasm:—"How many have you bagged this week?" We feel inclined to say with Dr. Johnson—"This merriment of parsons is mighty offen-

sive." Mr. Faber, however, is just such another gay wit as the rector, and, by way of being revenged, presently says that, if he did get killed, it would be "but a knock on the head and a longish snooze." It may be noted that the surgeon, who is represented as being the soul of honour, although an infidel, prefaces this saying by telling what afterwards turns out to be something not unlike a deliberate falsehood. Presently we hear of a mysterious patient of the doctor's (he is called indifferently doctor and surgeon throughout the book)—a beautiful woman who has lately settled in Glaston, and about whom nobody knows anything; and we are then introduced to an "old minister," Mr. Drake, whom Faber, anxious to prescribe for him, goes to visit, but who refuses to accept any advice or help from an infidel. He puts his refusal in this way:—"Do not take it ill. You prize honesty; so do I. Ten times rather would I cease to live than accept life at the hand of any enemy to my Lord and Master." Faber is not the only man upon whom some of the pious people of Glaston look with disfavour. Some members of the Church of England regard Mr. Wingfold, the curate, with almost equal horror on account of the tone of his sermons. Mr. Wingfold is a person remarkable enough to deserve some special notice. He had the odious habit of scribbling verses of appalling balderdash on the leaves of his favourite books. On a blank leaf of *Othello* he wrote:—

In the hot hell o'  
Jealousy shines Othello,  
Love in despair,  
An angel in flames.  
While pure Desdemona  
Waits him alone, a  
Ghost in the air,  
White with his blames.

With a better purpose he was accustomed to write verses as soon as he had delivered a sermon, in order that he might forget it. He spent the morning in his study on the day when we first see him, and when his wife knocked at the door, after three times coming to it and finding it locked, he

came to her pale-eyed, but his face almost luminous, and a smile hovering about his lips; she knew then that either a battle had been fought amongst the hills, and he had won, or a thought-storm had been raging, through which at length had descended the meek-eyed Peace. She looked in his face for a moment with silent reverence, then offered her lips, took him by the hand, and, without a word, led him down the stair to their mid-day meal.

When that was over, this excellent woman devoted herself to reading him to sleep, and, when he woke up, to "extemporizing and interweaving" on the piano while he got the germ of his sermon, which, with playful humour, he called his germon, "ready for its growth in the pulpit." But this was not the limit of Mrs. Wingfold's devotion. Mr. MacDonald tells us that he was once present when, having ventured to make a perfectly just criticism on some remark of her husband's, she crept to his knees, and implored his pardon. "I will not tell any more of it," he observes, with touching naïveté. "Perhaps it is silly of me to tell any, but it moved me strangely." Mr. Wingfold's sermons, of which three are quoted at length, were not less remarkable than Mr. Wingfold himself. Upon the first one of his congregation makes what seems to us the perfectly just comment:—"Not content with talking about himself in the pulpit, he must even talk about his wife!" The rector, however, who had heard his curate preach for the first time, was moved, to begin with, to pour himself out a large glass of sherry, which he drank in three mouthfuls; afterwards, to reflect that "he had not behaved like an honourable gentleman to Jesus Christ"; and, thirdly, to offer to change places with his curate.

However, any detailed consideration of Mr. Wingfold's eccentricities—among which were an objection to the consecration of churches and a belief in "what they so absurdly call spontaneous generation"—would lead us too far away from the main plot, if plot it can be called, of Mr. MacDonald's production, which depends on the fortunes of Paul Faber and his mysterious patient Miss Meredith. He thought it well to bleed her to relieve an attack of pleurisy; and although, when he saw her arm, he "felt his heart rise in his throat at the necessity of breaking that exquisite surface," the operation was perfectly successful; and, when it was over, "Thank God," he said involuntarily, and stood up. What all that meant, God only knows." In the night, however—which, by the way, seemed to Faber to have "lost the blood he had caused to flow"—the bandage slipped off, and he found his patient in a dying state from loss of blood. Upon this, with singular ingenuity, he performed the operation of transfusion from his arm to hers with the aid of a syringe and some hot water, and so brought Miss Meredith back to life. He sat watching her during the night, and she, waking for a few moments, took him for a divine vision. Then he went away, and "presently Mrs. Puckridge brought her some beef-tea." Before very long Faber was desperately in love with his patient, about whom he was in some ways puzzled. "For one thing, while he had observed that her under-clothing was peculiarly dainty, he had once or twice caught a glimpse of such an incongruity as he was compelled to set down to poverty." They talk feebly together about poetry and religion, and at last he declares that he loves her. "As a man may," she rejoined with scorn. "No! such love as you can give is too poor even for me." Not the less for this does Faber go on dancing attendance on her, until, to quote his own words, "I mistake symptoms, forget cases, confound medicines, fall into incredible blunders," a state of things which must have been decidedly annoying to his patients. Before Miss Meredith finally consents

\* *Paul Faber, Surgeon*. By George MacDonald, LL.D., Author of "David Elginbrod," "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes of Howglen," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1879.



to marry Faber various things take place. Among them is a scene of violence between Faber and an assistant of his who has been practising vivisection on his own account. How it happened that the assistant was able to secure his victim and operate upon it without Faber's finding it out until it was too late to stop it—whether, as one might think from the quotation just given, from Faber's gross carelessness or from his own diabolical cunning—Mr. Mac Donald does not condescend to tell us. However, Faber kicks his assistant downstairs, and turns him out of doors. This he was perhaps justified in doing, but Mr. Mac Donald has not strengthened the character of the puppet which he holds up for our admiration by putting the most horrible language into its mouth, and making it in the heat of passion talk the most vulgar English. Nor has the incident any result, except to serve as an excuse for introducing the second of the three sermons which Mr. Mac Donald includes in the pages of his novel.

It is time, however, to get to the chief point of Mr. Mac Donald's work. After Miss Meredith had become Mrs. Faber, she was not wholly contented with her life. Her grand piano had not yet arrived, and she wished her husband would buy a yellow gig and take her with him in it on his rounds. She borrowed a pair of goloshes and went to hear Mr. Wingfold preach a sermon in which he announced his belief that some day a strength of physical light would be found that would make gold or marble transparent, and one night she confessed to her husband that she had been no better than she should be before her marriage. Upon this ensues a scene which, whatever else it may be, is certainly unparalleled in the pages of modern, or for that matter ancient, fiction. Faber not unnaturally rushes away from her "with a great quick stride," and takes refuge in his dressing-room. Thither she followed him, and "sank on her knees before him, hurriedly slipped her night-gown from her shoulders to her waist, and over her head, bent towards the floor, held up to him a riding-whip." "They were baleful stars that looked down upon that naked world beneath them," says Mr. Mac Donald, and, going on to say that nothing is to him "so utterly pathetic as the back," he indulges in a burst of disgusting nonsense which it is as well not to quote. Mrs. Faber implores her husband to whip her, and so, as she puts it, make her clean. He is so far overcome by her entreaties that he takes the whip from her hand; but he does not use it. Mr. Mac Donald says, with bitter irony:—

Of course a man cannot strike a woman! He may tread her in the mire; he may clasp her and then scorn her; he may kiss her close, and then dash her from him into a dunghill, but he must not strike her—that would be unmanly! Oh, grace itself is the rage of the pitiful Othello to the forbearance of many a self-contained, cold-blooded, self-careful slave, that thinks himself a gentleman! Had not Faber been even then full of his own precious self, had he yielded to her prayer or to his own wrath, how many hours of agony would have been saved them both!—"What! would you have had him really strike her?" I would have had him do anything rather than choose himself and reject his wife: make of it what you will.

What follows is even more nauseous than what has been quoted. In the end "the devil and the gentleman had conquered," and Faber left his wife and the whip. Many of the absurdities and even vulgarities contained in Mr. Mac Donald's novel offer themselves as fair marks for ridicule; but so gross and defiant an outrage as this upon the common laws of literary decency must be driven, not laughed, out of court. To serve this purpose it is probably enough that we have given our readers a sketch of the scene, leaving unquoted some of its "realistic" details. The story of subsequent reconciliation can hardly interest them.

#### DIGBY'S FAMINE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTHERN INDIA.\*

IT was said by at least one eminent lawyer that Lord Campbell's habit of writing legal biographies had given a new terror to death. In like manner we may say that Indian famines are in themselves terrible things, but that, if described on Mr. Digby's scale, they will be invested with a yet deeper horror. The author of these two volumes has devoted more than a thousand pages to what he terms the campaign against the famine, and he has been aided in his task by endless reports and orders made public at the time, and by copies of private and trustworthy documents. He has had experience as an editor of a local journal. He acted for some time as Honorary Secretary to the Indian Famine Relief. He has the advantage of knowing exactly how men thought and acted at a very trying crisis. And we do not lose sight of the fact that his object is not so much to write a history of the famine as to put records into such shape that some future writer may found on them a trustworthy judgment. We do not expect to find, and we do not here find, errors in geography or politics, or in the spelling of Oriental names; nor do we complain of any general ignorance of the framework and machinery of the Indian Government. On the contrary, it is not often our lot to read a work in which, if we once admit the propriety of its proportions, there is so little to correct or revise. What we object to is that Mr. Digby has allowed himself to be swamped by his own materials. He has attempted to analyse them, but they have fairly mastered him. The art of condensation, of picking out startling facts, of eliminating what is ephemeral and retaining what is permanently useful, and of forming sound conclusions, seems to have been lost.

\* *The Famine Campaign in Southern India, 1876-1878.* By William Digby, Honorary Secretary Indian Famine Relief Fund. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

We light on long controversies, which leave the matter at issue undecided; telegrams relating to purely passing and unimportant topics; lists of names that no one wanted; minutes and arguments set out in all but their original bulk; a reprint of a piece of mock legislation, intended for satire, but neither witty nor amusing; and, in short, to borrow a phrase from one of Mr. Ruskin's earlier writings, we miss the skill that brings materials to point and accumulation into structure.

Still it would be unfair not to recognize the extreme pains bestowed on the work; the amplitude of the stores which throw light on the past as well as suggest thought for the future; the general fairness of the statements, with one or two exceptions to be noticed; the arrangement of copious statistical tables about rations, areas, population, and death-rates, and the moral earnestness and humane sentiments of the writer. All we say is, that compression and subtraction would have reduced the matter by one-third, and might have given the book a much wider circulation. There can be no question that the famine of 1877 distanced all others with which we have been made practically familiar. During other similar visitations within the last forty years, our attention has been directed exclusively to the North-West Provinces; or to the Rajpoot States; or to the Province of Orissa; or to Tirhoot and a few other districts in Behar and Bengal. But here we had a failure of crops which affected from fourteen to sixteen districts and sixteen millions of people in the Madras Presidency, which devastated a part of the kingdom of Mysore, and which spread dismay in the city of Bombay and misery over a large tract under that Government. At this very same time there was also distress in Rajpootana, and temporary but severe suffering in several parts of the North-West Provinces. Mr. Digby is not guilty of exaggeration in saying that the Viceroy, during his politic and humane journey from Simla to Madras in August 1877, passed through "a region almost entirely famine-stricken." Never, perhaps, has the Indian Government had to grapple with such a problem, and those who write with a vivid recollection of Afghan disasters, Sikh campaigns, and mutinies of Sepoys, must admit that to meet such an enemy with success would have severely taxed the forethought and sagacity of Lord Dalhousie and the serene and stately intellect of Lord Canning.

It is to be hoped that certain definite canons will be adopted and laid down for future guidance from the treatment followed in Madras. At the commencement of the campaign, administrators in spite of previous lessons seemed to be yet discussing the first principles of strategy. Mr. Digby enters at length into these controversies, and his narrative tends to establish the following conclusions. The problem which the Madras Government had to solve, and which other administrations may at any time have to encounter, was "how to feed an uncertain number of people on imported food for half a year at least." To this end it was proposed to employ and pay labourers on public works of utility; to establish vast camps under regular supervision where the sick could be treated medically, and those who could work at all might find occupation; and to administer relief in the villages to such as would not or could not travel to find it. But it very soon became apparent that petty works, carried out under the ordinary civil agency of the country, were both impolitic and unproductive. It was difficult to get a fair day's work out of the ordinary labourer; speculation and rascality were rife; and, worst of all, the works themselves were fragmentary, disjointed, and often unfinished. They were liable, when the famine was over, to remain as records of spasmodic action and wasted funds. The true policy is to begin a series of comprehensive or connected undertakings of permanent utility, and to entrust their construction to professional engineers, who shall take care that none but the able be employed, and that they be paid regularly in money for a fair day's work. But it is obvious that even such well-planned schemes afford no help to the sick, to the weak, to women and children, to that large class which during such calamities is given to wander all over the country, and to that still larger class which from ignorance, fatalism, or prejudices of caste prefers to remain till death overtakes them at their own homes. It was determined to provide for all such cases by the establishment of relief camps and by house-to-house visitation in the villages. The best idea of a model relief camp is to consider it as a workhouse and a hospital combined. The sick are tended; those able to do some work are set to tasks commensurate with their strength; sanitary measures are enforced, and cooked food is given instead of wages. In such a camp, furnished with kitchens, store sheds, hospitals, and all conveniences, and with a proper establishment of cooks, scavengers, policemen, carts, and a superintendent, relief can be given daily to several thousand people. But it is also quite clear that, without the strictest supervision, abuses creep in of all kinds in the reception of improper people and in the spending of money; and that it requires firmness and method to form a model camp. There remains the system of village relief. Nothing, at first sight, seems more humane and proper than this plan of visiting the homes of people too sickly to work or to go to a camp at a distance; and yet nothing has been productive of more heart-breaking waste. The curse of Indian administration, the untrustworthiness of native instruments, was never more clearly shown. Englishmen could not be had in sufficient numbers for such duties, and every Anglo-Indian of any experience knows what he has to expect when considerable sums of money must pass through sub-Inspectors, village Headmen, highly respectable householders, and venerable and orthodox Brahmans. Mr. Digby gives plenty of instances of the tricks and subterfuges resorted to by native agents. Money was

given to friends and relatives, and was withheld from the starving and the sick. Fictitious names were entered on the register. Some who were dying were left to die, while others who ought to have been sent to relief works or to an organized camp were comfortably supported at their own homes. Professional and religious mendicants came in for an undue share. In short, it has been abundantly proved that village relief, unless it is combined with rules that cannot be evaded or administered by people above suspicion, is another name for profligate waste of money.

It is to the credit of the Viceroy that he discerned the true principles on which the famine was to be fought; that he removed incapable and obstructive Anglo-Indians, and replaced them, in more than one instance, by men of tact, experience, and firmness; and that he strengthened the hands of the local Government by directing that all operations should be carried on by the Governor without the aid or interference of his Council. When correct principles have once been settled, execution is best entrusted to one man. Some little soreness seems to have been created by an apparent reluctance of the Government of India to admit that private charity was needed. But, after some correspondence, the proper sphere of individual and unofficial benevolence was seen, at first in Mysore and afterwards elsewhere. To compare small agencies with great, the distinction was exactly that which the members of the Charity Organization Society have drawn between their own sphere of action and the Poor Law. It has been a sore puzzle to many well-meaning English gentlemen and ladies, but it is essentially sound. It would be as absurd for the Committees of the Charity Organization to compete with the Guardians of the Poor in relieving destitution and pauperism as it would have been for the Indian Famine Relief Committee to vie with the Government in feeding the poor in camps or keeping them alive in their villages. It was the object of the Government to save life. That of the Relief Fund was to mitigate suffering, to repair losses, and to promote self-dependence. When it is remembered that more than half a million was contributed by the Mansion House Fund, and that other large sums were contributed elsewhere, making in all 800,000*l.*, it must be admitted that the distribution of such sums demanded as much forethought, principle, and method as the expenditure on the part of the State. Money was accordingly given by local Committees for seed grain, for clothing, and for the hire of bullocks. In some instances children and orphans were fed, as were also persons who did not, for some good reasons, come within the sphere of official relief. Houses were rebuilt, day nurseries and feeding-kitchens for children were established, and cultivators were enabled to bear up morally as well as physically, and were rendered fit to plough and sow when the rain came at last. Noble contributions were made to this same fund by the Viceroy and the whole Anglo-Indian agency, as was the case in the Orissa and other famines, and the Committees were composed of all classes, missionaries of divers denominations, independent Englishmen, and collectors and judges.

Famines, like other serious events, have their humorous and absurd as well as their pathetic side. We were, however, hardly prepared to find from an anecdote of a little English boy recorded at p. 91 of the second volume, that Dickens's Mrs. Pardiggle and the Infant Bonds of Joy were not wholly imaginary creations of the novelist. The saying current in Northern Wales, "If it please God and Sir Watkin" found a counterpart in the case of a native schoolmaster and his wife in the district of Chingleput. They asked how they "could commit suicide without offending the Deity or the Rev. J. Davies Thomas"; this gentleman having obtained a paramount influence over the minds of the people. We have no wish to impugn the motives of the Sanitary Commissioner, who went about camps and relief works to test the physical condition of the ryots; but he seems once or twice to have doubted the evidence of his own senses, and even where natives continued to put on some flesh, he discovered reasons for refusing to admit this as an evidence of sufficient nutriment. Molière, we may remember, made one of his typical doctors tell a patient, "*cette trop grande santé est nuisible*. Voilà un œil que je me ferais crever si j'étais vous." It was often a struggle to preserve a compassionate feeling in the teeth of impudent frauds, or dogged refusal to comply with the most sensible and reasonable conditions. Native Committees thought this a good opportunity to do a little usury with funds entrusted to them. Owners refused to lend bullocks on hire to starving ryots who had lost their own. A nursery was emptied because a rumour had got abroad that the children were to be entrapped into Christianity; and ten thousand people deserted on one day for fear they should be carried off to forced labour in the hills. One native official persisted in returning all deaths as from cholera, or dysentery, or some usual disease, and ignoring the famine altogether. Another refused to feel the arm of a lad to ascertain his physical condition, on the ground that he could not touch a Pariah. A cow sold for a cake of coarse grain. A woman who died in the last stage of emaciation was found to have sixty rupees in cash tied up in her bundle. And, worse still, a man convicted of dashing out the brains of his children because he could not feed them, had enough money to keep his family for nearly a year.

The selection of these instances, calling up smiles or indignation by turns, must not lead us away from more affecting disclosures made by Mr. Digby. His pages attest in a hundred instances the generally patient attitude of the people, their trust and dependence on the beneficent English magistrates, their uncomplaining submissiveness to the Divine will. Nor have we any wish to pass lightly over the frightful incidents of the visitation which, to do Mr. Digby and his informants justice, are simply and truthfully

described, without any desire to gratify a morbid excitement or a craving for sensational food. We remember an old Bengali crone who had far outlived all her contemporaries and who died some twenty years ago, fixing the date of her birth by saying to us that she was nine years old when one man ate another, i.e. in one of the famines of the last century. We fear that in several Madras villages dates will be fixed for a long time to come by these or similar horrors. It was impudently said after the Behar famine that the whole thing was got up between Sir Richard Temple and the Government of Bengal. No one will say this of Madras. Whatever difficulty there may be in ascertaining the exact number of deaths in Southern India—and the estimates vary from half a million to three millions—there can be no doubt that, in spite of active efforts and unstinted benevolence, the native population have passed through one of the severest ordeals on record. Apart from direct relief, various suggestions were tried and adopted, but they were mere palliatives. It occurred to a distinguished colonist to suggest emigration on a large scale. The Chief Commissioner of British Burma accordingly reported that he had plenty of waste land. The climate was not unfamiliar; rice could be cultivated; emigrants could be received and cared for in large depôts on arrival; houses could be built, bullocks and employment be supplied. It was thought that twenty thousand labouring men could be drafted off in this way; but, whether from the ignorance or from the extremely conservative habits of the Hindu, nothing was done. And, after all, what are a few thousand more or less where the reckoning is of millions? It is remarkable, however, that from the southern districts of Madras a natural stream of emigration yearly sets towards Ceylon. Where men were dying it was difficult to keep cattle alive, and a part of the second volume is occupied with the details of an experiment by which bullocks were fed with the leaves of the prickly pear. The prickles must be removed, and the cattle educated to eat this aliment, just as in Iceland ponies and cows are taught in winter to live on fish; but, owing to the cost and trouble of preparation, we do not gather that the cactus obtained more than a moderate success.

We have no space for the tremendous controversy which raged between Sir R. Temple, the *legatus à latere* of the Viceroy, and Dr. Cornish, the Sanitary Commissioner of Madras. The main point at issue was whether, in a time of famine, people could live properly on one pound of grain a day, and a small money payment to procure condiments. Sir Richard thought it could be done. Dr. Cornish thought it could not; and Mr. Digby, though evidently not favourable to the former, fails to sum up the evidence and decide the point. The benevolent reader may perhaps think that one pound and a half of grain would have been more advisable; but it is undeniable that the lower rate sufficed to keep people alive in Bombay, and we cannot blame an administrator of the humane character and extensive experience possessed by the present Governor of Bombay because he used all his endeavours to prevent needless extravagance when the Government was losing the main-spring of its revenues on one hand, and was disbursing millions on the other. Many other points are brought into relief by Mr. Digby's analysis. For instance, the difference between acute and chronic starvation is worth noting. Acute starvation is when men are cast adrift at sea, or lost in a jungle, or immured in a coal-pit for five or six days. Such are soon restored by judicious treatment and food. But chronic starvation—that is, insufficiency of nourishment for weeks or months—destroys the vital and assimilating power, and saps life slowly and surely. Even good food fails to restore men whose organs have degenerated from bad or insufficient aliments; and a lowered system, we know, invites cholera, dysentery, marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence. It is impossible that Mr. Digby's compilation should not attract the notice of the Famine Commission, who for him will be as good as Plato, should other readers fail. We do not pretend to forecast all the recommendations of the Commissioners; but we are certain that their attention will be drawn to the improvement of agriculture and the conservancy of trees on permanently settled estates, while no Indian administration ought ever henceforth to be unprepared with well-planned schemes of public works for seasons of scarcity, and with a competent agency for organizing relief and regulating disbursements on a large scale, as Railway Companies keep up regularly a "breakdown" for collisions.

#### CHESTER'S LOVE'S MARTYR.\*

IT is not a little extraordinary that, in these days of reckless reprinting, a book of so great intrinsic interest as the *Love's Martyr* of Robert Chester should have waited until now, not only for an editor, but even for a commentator. A publication to which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Chapman supplied original contributions has surely a very special claim upon critical attention, and it is another proof of the waste of ingenuity by English annotators of Shakespeare that, while so much matchless folly about the authorship and versification of the plays is annually foisted upon us, no one should have preceded Dr. Grosart in attempting to fathom the mystery connected with the Phoenix and the Turtle. We are not fully convinced that he has absolutely solved all the problems contained in a singularly knotty literary question; but at all events he has approached them from the

\* *The Poems of Robert Chester (1601-1633), with Verse Contributions by Shakespeare and Others.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. Printed for Fifty Subscribers. 1878.



right point of view, and his conjectures, in some cases manifestly correct, are at least plausible in all.

The full title of the book here reprinted has the prolixity and verbose effusion of the Elizabethan age. It runs as follows:—

*Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint.* Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phoenix and the Turtle. A poem enterlaced with much variety and rarity, now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Celiano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of King Arthur, the last of the nine worthies, being the first essay of a new British poet, collected out of divers authentical records. To these are added some new compositions of several modern writers, whose names are subscribed to their several works upon the first subject—viz., the Phoenix and Turtle. Mutare dominum non potest liber notus. London. Imprinted for E. B. 1601.

The first thing we have to note is that the professed translation out of the Italian is a mere blind. No such poet as Torquato Celiano exists. There was a certain Livio Celiano, whose *rime* were published at Bergamo in 1587, in the same volume with those of Torquato Tasso, and it seems likely that the English poet forged his original by combining these names. We have, therefore, to expect an original allegory of the martyrdom in love of two persons darkly spoken of as the Phoenix and the Turtle, followed by a version of the legend of King Arthur, and by certain "new," or hitherto unpublished, compositions on the same subject of the fate of Phoenix and Turtle from the pen of "several modern writers"—namely, Shakspeare, Marston, Chapman, Ben Jonson, and the poet calling himself "Ignoto." It is evident from the mere title-page that a dangerous, or at least a mysterious, theme, deeply interesting to highly distinguished persons, is here treated under a veil of allegory. The poem of Robert Chester, which occupies the first hundred and ninety-seven pages of the volume, is written partly in *rhyme royal* and partly in the six-line heroic stanza, and opens by describing how the gods met upon a solemn day in parliament, and how the various deities had each some sad tale to tell of outrage or misfortune. Last of all Nature comes, and reports that the fairest thing on her earth, the Phoenix, has suffered grievous sorrow. She then describes the person of the Phoenix at great length, with all the curious catalogue of charms in which the Elizabethan poets delighted to portray their loves. Some of this description is very pretty:—

When the least whistling wind begins to sing,  
And gently blows her hair about her neck,  
Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring  
And with the pretty noise the wind doth check,  
Able to lull asleep a pensive heart  
That of the round world's sorrows bears a part.

After a categorical eulogy, in which eyes, chin, neck, teeth, and so on each receive a special stanza, we learn that the real cause of grief is that this Phoenix, who is described as a woman and as a queen, has no descendant:—

This Phoenix I do fear me will decay,  
And from her ashes never will arise  
Another bird her wings for to display,  
And her rich beauty for to equalise;  
The Arabian fires are too dull and base  
To make another spring within her place.

The gods are struck with consternation; but Jove, recovering from his astonishment, refuses to believe this story of Nature's until she shows him the portrait of the Phoenix. This done, the god acknowledges that Britain possesses no fire that can kindle a second Phoenix to be heir to this, but bids Nature go seek in the neighbouring Isle of Paphos, a delightful country where no poisonous reptiles lurk, for a turtle worthy of this royal bird. These are the stanzas, and they are well worthy of attention, in which this illustrious creature is described:—

Hard by a running stream or crystal fountain,  
Wherein rich orient pearl is often found,  
Environed with a high and steepy mountain,  
A fertile soil and fruitful plot of ground,  
There shalt thou find true honour's lovely squire,  
That for this Phoenix keeps Promethean fire.  
His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night  
Is framed of cedars and high lofty pine.  
I made his house to chastise thence despite,  
And framed it like this heavenly roof of mine.  
His name is *Liberal Honor*, and his heart  
Aims at true faithful service and desert.  
Look on his face, and in his brows doth sit  
Blood and sweet mercy hand in hand united;  
Blood to his foes, a president most fit  
For such as have his gentle humour spited.  
His hair is curled by nature mild and meek,  
Hangs careless down to shroud a blushing cheek.  
Give him this ointment to anoint his head,  
This precious balm to lay unto his feet;  
These shall direct him to this Phoenix' bed,  
Where on a high hill he this bird shall meet,  
And of their ashes by my doom shall rise  
Another Phoenix her to equalise.

What result follows from this introduction of the Turtle to the Phoenix, or whether it actually comes off, is not told. There follows a prayer for the prosperity of the latter, and this gives place to a lengthy dialogue between the Phoenix, Nature, and the Turtle. No hint is given of martyrdom, or of the ominous sacrifice stated in the title; the poet carefully refrains from this, as too difficult or dangerous a theme for him to dwell upon.

Dr. Grosart has conjectured, and with every appearance of truth, that the subject so lovingly treated, so cautiously veiled in *Love's Martyr* was no less than the relation existing between

Queen Elizabeth and Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex. That the Queen should be described as a paragon of physical beauty so late as 1601 is by no means as paradoxical as it seems. A belief in the loveliness of Elizabeth, and in the freshness and dewiness of her virgin charms, was an axiom of courtly etiquette to the last. No matter how grim, how bald, how wrinkled the imperial vixen became, she was still the golden-haired rosy Gloriana of the dreams of the poets of her youth. One year later than the publication of *Love's Martyr*, in 1602, Sir Walter Raleigh, addressing a letter to the Queen, thought it not unadvisable to speak of her "celestial beauty." As to the term "Phoenix," that also was not unprecedented. As early as 1593 Churchyard, in his rare poem of "Churchyard's Challenge," which has been reprinted by Dr. Grosart, addresses the Queen under the title of "only Phoenix of the World." It is not quite so easy to identify Essex with the Turtle; but the long passage we have quoted above is full of striking points of resemblance. In the first place, "Paphos Isle" would plainly seem to be Ireland, whither Essex had gone, constant still, in spite of his reckless conduct, to the memory of his great mistress. This description is thoroughly in keeping with the contemporary view of him whose function it was "to keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate"; and in Peele's *Eclogue Gratulatory*, addressed to Essex on his return from Portugal in 1589, Dr. Grosart has discovered some parallel passages which seem to give a strong colour of probability to his conjecture. If so, the *Love's Martyr* celebrates, in dark and muffled phrase, the unfortunate loves of Elizabeth and that great man whom she wished to marry, but dared not, and illustrates in a very curious way a singular point in English history.

The Robert Chester who wrote this poem is supposed to be the same person who was born in June 1566, was sheriff of the county of Herts in 1599, and received the honour of a Royal visit soon after James I. ascended the throne. On the 23rd of July, 1603, he was knighted at Whitehall, and he died on the 3rd of May, 1640. That he received such attentions and favours from the hand of the King is an additional proof which we offer to Dr. Grosart in support of his thesis, since it is well known that James I. made it part of his policy to reward such partisans of Essex as the author of *Love's Martyr* had, not without personal risk, proved himself to be. But of more interest to us by far than the original verses of Robert Chester are those lyrics which he induced his most eminent dramatic contemporaries to contribute to his venture. Of these the most prominent must always be the elegy and the *threnos* signed William Shakspeare. These melodious and beautiful verses, which foreshadow in their measure the inspired elegy of friendship in our own day, have hitherto been entirely unintelligible to students of Shakspeare:—

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.  
Let the Priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining Swan,  
Lest the requiem lack his right.

These lovely cadences have represented nothing to the mind that was intimate or characteristic; but, if we accept Dr. Grosart's theory, they take at once a clear though concealed and allegorical meaning. So it is with

Death is now the Phoenix' nest,  
And the Turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest.

Truth may seem but cannot be,  
Beauty brag but 'tis not she,  
Truth and beauty buried be.

In other words, this is the requiem, not precisely of the Phoenix, since the Queen was still alive, but of the love that united Phoenix and Turtle, Beauty and Truth, Elizabeth and Essex. That Shakspeare was a partisan of Essex is well known; the panegyric in the fifth act of *Henry V.* is but one eminent proof of this. But even a more curious testimony to it is the persistent silence of Shakspeare when, on the Queen's death, all the poets broke out into a chorus of elegiac eulogy. He was not disposed to laud the murderers of Essex, even when Henry Chettle, in his *England's Mourning Garment*, in 1603, called upon him almost by name to do so:—

Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert  
Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear,  
To mourn her death that grac'd his desert,  
And to his lays opened her royal ear.  
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,  
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin death.

It is certainly more than a mere coincidence that Marston and Chapman, who were also among the "modern writers" who contributed to *Love's Martyr*, are associated with Shakspeare as equally blameworthy by Chettle. Chapman signs only one of these pieces, a strain of grave and gnomic verse not very easy of comprehension. Perhaps, however, he indited the invocation to Apollo and the Muses, and the address to Sir John Salisbury, which are both signed *Vatum Chorus*, and which we cannot agree with Dr. Grosart in attributing to Ben Jonson. John Marston, the dramatist and satirist, follows Shakspeare with four poems, all very wide of the mark, and full of perfunctory commendation of some vague feminine perfection. But his hyperbolical tropes afford us one atom of evidence, where he says that the beauty he praises has long grown into maturity. For the rest, we must suppose that Marston thought it well

to be extremely cautious in such perilous times. Ben Jonson closes the book with several contributions, couched in his manly style, but with a little more of his pedantry than we admire nowadays. Here, as everywhere else, Shakspeare transcends his illustrious compeers with the most perfect ease, and while they are enveloped in mists of ingenuity and an exploded philosophy, he rises at once into a clear air of harmony and tender music. His little *Threnos*, in five stanzas, is one of the lyrical gems of that age, and we can only congratulate ourselves that Mr. Robert Chester's ponderous poem was the cause of its composition. How Chester became intimate with so many of the greatest poets of his time, what his actual connexion with them was, why, after moving in so brilliant a circle, he slipped out of it, and died, as he had lived, obscure, so late as 1640, all this is unfortunately matter of vain conjecture. All we know is that in 1611 he brought out a second edition of *Love's Martyr* under a new title. Dr. Grosart has taken extraordinary pains in editing this important volume, and the fulness of the notes and of the critical introduction does credit to his scholarship. He may not have proved his point to the satisfaction of all students of Shakspeare, but at least he has propounded a very ingenious and a very poetical theory.

#### NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.\*

THE making of many books is certainly no nearer its end now than it was in the days of Solomon; and, if there is one branch of the tree of knowledge more luxuriantly flourishing than its fellows, it surely is that one which bears "educational works." The mania for writing school-books which has attacked the whole literary world still rages undiminished, and affects authors great and small, professional and amateur alike. Every publishing firm of any repute is putting forth its "primers," "manuals," or "educational courses," warranted to excel and supersede all other class-books, no matter how long they may have enjoyed fame and favour. The only effect that this *embarras de choix* among school-books has yet had upon teachers is to raise a sect among them who denounce the use of school-books altogether, and preach the doctrine that lessons given *vis à vis* are the only lessons that make any impression on the brains of their scholars. As for the scholars themselves, the effect produced upon their minds by familiarity with so many conflicting authorities was naively expressed by a shrewd child, who described two persons remarkable for diversity of opinion as "exactly like two histories, for the one contradicts whatever the other one says." Happily the two histories in the batch of school-books which we have now under review treat of subjects too widely sundered to give occasion for any such clashing of opinions. One merit, however, they have in common, and that no small one. They are written in the spirit that looks upon history as a record of such of the events of times gone by as stirred the spirits of men at the time they happened, or have produced results affecting the welfare of society in the present day. This mode of treatment is in direct opposition to those historians who maintain that history as an instrument of education is only useful when it acts on the emotions by enlisting the sympathies of the young in some one or other of the actors in its scenes. This, they maintain, can only be done by bringing children as nearly as possible into personal contact with the characters thus held up for their admiration or reprobation, or, in other words, by tickling their ears with gossiping details that are generally useless and very often untrue.

To be sure, the period of English history which Mr. Browning has taken in hand does not afford scope for many romantic stories, for it is our own matter-of-fact and prosaic nineteenth century. Mr. Browning rightly estimates it as a period of great intellectual progress, displayed chiefly in vigorous Parliamentary reform, the extension of religious toleration, and the diffusion of education. But we think he is going rather too far when he compares the political changes wrought in the last half-century to the effects produced in France when the First Revolution overturned the throne and dashed feudalism to the ground. Far from being revolutionary, most of the reforms of the last fifty years have been in the truest sense of the word conservative—that is, true to the traditions and the spirit of our Constitution. That spirit has always shown itself ready to change the machinery of government to suit the temper of the times, and to discard any part of that machinery as soon as it is proved to be worn out and cumbersome. Mr. Browning's little book is the last of a series edited by Mr. Creighton, under the title of *Epochs of Modern History*. This last epoch, its biographer tells us, "opens dark and gloomily"; however, it improves wonderfully as it goes on. He is very hopeful about its close, which finds England "ready with renewed strength to run a fresh career of prosperity and honour." The last chapter is especially comforting just at present, when there is so much croaking about the dangers which threaten our manufactures, our commerce, and

even our territory, and when a voice here and there may even be heard advocating a relapse to the suicidal selfishness of a policy of Protection. In that chapter Mr. Browning compares England as it was and as it is, and proves by arguments, supported by statistics, that if increase of population, increase of wealth, increase of territory, and increase of commerce going hand in hand with decrease of pauperism and of crime, may be accepted as signs of the welfare and prosperity of any nation, then the English of the present day are tenfold more wealthy and more prosperous than were the English under the Regency. The chief steps or stages that mark the progress which has wrought such wondrous changes are, Mr. Browning considers, five—to wit, the Emancipation of the Catholics; the passing of the first Reform Bill; the Repeal of the Corn Laws; the International Exhibitions; the passing of the last Reform Bill. Now, to class the opening of an International Exhibition, even though it were the first of its kind, with the repeal of an oppressive law and the extension of the franchise, is too much like accepting the first Bonaparte's valuation of our countrymen and writing ourselves down a nation of shopkeepers; and to say that "all thoughts were concentrated on the Great Exhibition" is, we hope, an exaggerated view of the sensation which it produced. Nor can we pass without protest Mr. Browning's estimate of the originator of the Exhibition scheme; for, though no one can fail to admire the discretion with which Prince Albert filled a difficult position, that position was not one of such vast importance as to justify the assertion that "the prince's virtues formed the real foundation of the prosperity of the reign." For the rest, Mr. Browning gives a clear and concise account of the state of parties at the time when measures of Reform were first mooted, of the various stages of the struggle which resulted in the triumph of the Whigs, of the passing of the Reform Bill, and of the agitation throughout the country which accompanied the discussion of Parliamentary Reform and the repeal of the Corn Laws. And, although political changes, as being of the greatest importance, naturally claim the largest share of his space and of his attention, Mr. Browning has not failed to bring under notice every event of any moment either at home or abroad which has occurred within the scope of his period. But, among the causes which have brought about the immense social progress of the last half-century, he seems to have overlooked the important changes which the introduction of steam traffic has wrought, not only by the extension of commerce, but also by the effect which increased facilities for travelling have had in speeding education and religious toleration. Although Mr. Browning looks at history from a Liberal point of view, his book is moderate and impartial. It is an accurate and sensible compendium of a puzzling period of English history, and may be read with profit both by old and young. The simplicity of the plan on which it is written, and the absence of all superfluous details, make this little history of modern England as suitable for refreshing the memory of those who have lived through the times which it describes as for impressing the memory of the schoolboy, to whom all times alike are history.

The other history on our list is an elementary History of France. It is divided into two parts, each of which contains the whole history of the Gauls and Franks, from the burning of Rome by Brennus to the death of M. Thiers. The first part is a mere skeleton; the second puts a little more flesh on the bones. Now the value or worthlessness of such a little book must of course depend on whether its writer has or has not the knowledge and skill needed to pick out the real bones of history from the mass of less important matter underneath which they are hidden. Mr. Taylor has shown this knowledge in compiling this little manual; for the events for which he has found room in his very limited space are all really noteworthy, either from their immediate effect or from the results that followed them. Each division of the book is preceded by a list of names and dates to be committed to memory. We have no fault to find with such of these as commemorate deaths or marriages, battles lost or won, the passing of laws, the conclusion of treaties, or any such transactions of necessarily limited duration; but we think it unwise and misleading to class among such definite facts a condition of the State which came about gradually, such as "The Monarchy Absolute," "The Monarchy Victorious." Especially we must take exception to ticketing the date 1317 as "The Salic Law Adopted," as if in that year the Salic Law had been formally accepted as the Code Napoléon was in later times. For though the dispute about the succession brought the question of the law under discussion, the decision in favour of the male heir was no adoption of a new law, but only a declaration of the fact that the law of the Salian Franks still was, as it had always been, the law of the nation. In other respects the book so far as it goes is good. The explanations of the feudal system and of the States-General are clear and simple. Mr. Taylor has had the advantage of twenty years' experience in teaching. That experience has given him an insight into the tastes and powers of children, and has enabled him to write quite the best elementary History of France which has yet come under our notice.

The *First Principles of English Grammar*, by the same author, is also an admirable little book. Its object is to make the study of English grammar attractive rather than repulsive. This object it is well calculated to achieve from the clearness of the explanations, the simplicity of the style, and the absence of all technical terms. The opinion of the teaching world is at present pretty nearly equally divided on the question whether children are or are not capable of learning grammar. Probably the correct answer to this

\* *Modern England*. By Oscar Browning, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

*First Principles of French History*. By T. S. Taylor. London: Relfe Brothers.

*First Principles of English Grammar*. By T. S. Taylor. London: Relfe Brothers.

*The Advanced English Grammar*. London: Central School Depot.

*French Accidence*. By Léon Delbos, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate.

*A Class-Book of Geography*. By C. B. Clarke, F.L.S., F.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.



question is, that some are and some are not. Mr. Taylor thinks that children not only can learn grammar, but that it is the science best adapted for attaining the real end of all education—the drawing out of their faculties—because it is the only science which treats of material with which all are familiar. Unfortunately the familiarity makes the difficulty, and many teachers find it much more easy to bring home to the understanding of their pupils the rules of grammar by teaching them hand in hand with a foreign language than by attempting to apply them to their own. For intelligent English children who can learn the grammar of their own language, Mr. Taylor's book ought to prove very attractive; for, instead of giving a collection of perplexing rules to be learned by heart, he explains the reason and origin of all the mysterious changes which affect the several parts of speech and their relation to one another, and illustrates his explanations from time to time by comparison with divers foreign languages. Mr. Taylor has taken his philology from good authorities. His explanation of the relationship of the different Aryan languages is very good and clear, and he turns the attention of the children to the origin of the words they use and to the poetry which these words contain, thus awakening in their minds an interest in the study of philology. He concludes by commending to them Mr. Earle's book on the English tongue, should they wish to continue this study further.

As for the *Advanced English Grammar*, it is very much less advanced than the unpretending little primer that we have just noticed. In compiling it the author seems to have followed the example of certain young musicians whose great desire is to make their compositions look as difficult as possible. The number of rules relating to each part of speech that have to be mastered by the learner before he can parse a simple exercise are very formidable, and the examples of "Tabular Analysis" and "Branch Analysis," given him as models for the dissection of sentences, must fill his heart with dismay and doubt. As far as the mere grammatical rules go, however, though there are more of them and they are more involved than is at all needful, the book is correct enough; but so much cannot be said for the "Sketch of the History of the English Language" which forms the concluding chapter. The author of this *Advanced English Grammar* has not himself advanced beyond that stage of philology which speaks of the Aryan languages as "Indo-European;" and the so-called "tree" which he has drawn out to exhibit the "descent and relations of the English language" is full of faults. The root of this tree is the "one speech" from which all languages are derived. As he immediately divides this "one speech" into the "Semitic," the "Japhetic," and "Hamitic," it would have been more consistent to call it the Noahic. Of the languages which he derives from the Japhetic stem two have been hitherto unknown to philologists—the "Indic," father of Sanscrit, the "Classic," father of Greek and Latin. We had hitherto supposed that any language might be "classic," even our own mixed tongue. Among the brethren of the "Indic" and the "Classic" is the "Gothic," and it again is the father of the "Teutonic" and the "Scandinavian," from the first of these High and Low German, Dutch, and English are derived, from the second Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish. Of course this is all wrong, as these last are all cognate tongues; and to trace the one from the other in this way is like saying that the dialect of Norfolk is derived from the dialect of Somerset. Nor was there ever a spoken tongue that bore the name "Teutonic." Another error into which the author has fallen is that of dividing the growth of the language into five periods or stages, and assigning dates for the beginning and end of each. This is just about as sensible as fixing a day on which a young cat ceases to be a kitten and becomes a cat. Among these periods crops up again that ridiculous hybrid the semi-Saxon, which comes in like a comet with the Norman Conquest in 1066. It would be hard to show how the English of that year differed from the English that had preceded it by many years, or from that which was spoken for many years after it. Modern English begins in 1558 and is still going on. We only hope that much of the English which is spoken and written nowadays may not become the English of the future.

Of the *French Accidence and Minor Syntax* of Professor Léon Delbos there is little to be said. It is, as its name implies, a mere compendium of the rules of French grammar. It is intended to fill up the void which is left by the so-called Conversational Methods of teaching French now so much in favour. These are merely books of exercises which, though they give expertness in stringing sentences together and familiarity with the French idioms, leave the student without any systematic knowledge of the grammar. The book is written for the use of English learners, and in that language the rules are given. They are simply expressed and well arranged; the tables of the regular and irregular verbs are carefully drawn up, and those stumbling-blocks to the English student—the use of the subjunctive and past participle—are simplified as much as explanation can simplify them. It might be used with advantage as a companion to a larger grammar, and from its compact forms is a convenient little book for impressing upon the memory rules the use of which has become familiar by practice in conversation and exercises.

Unlike the other books on our list, the *Class Book of Geography* is without prefatory notice or advertisement of any sort, so that we may take it for granted that its author merely intended it to be used like any other geography-book, and that it does not lay claim to any originality of aim or method. The only novel feature that we notice in its arrangement is that the chief

routes of railroad in each country are carefully indicated, and that the towns are arranged in connexion with the lines of rail, instead of being merely catalogued according to their populations, as in most books of the kind. This is certainly a step in the right direction, for it is surely much more useful to know what railway you must travel by to arrive at any given town than to know on what river it stands or what is its size in proportion to the other towns in the same country. The aim of every teacher of geography ought to be to teach his pupils all that it is most useful for them to know concerning the surface of the globe in its actual conditions and divisions. Therefore it seems unwise to enumerate the provinces of France and to leave out of sight the departments, as Mr. Clarke has done. The departments are, to all intents and purposes, the only existing divisions of France, and no one can pretend to a knowledge of the country who is ignorant of them. Nor are they difficult to remember if the connexion between their names and the physical features of the land be borne in mind. It is a pity that it is not yet acknowledged that class-books of geography ought to confine themselves to describing the surface of the earth and its productions, and should not crowd and confuse their pages with scraps of history and philology, especially as the information which they contain is generally either antiquated or inaccurate. Mr. Clarke's book sins in this respect. It is certainly a little astonishing in a book published this year to find the Tell saga treated as authentic history, and to be told that "William Tell shot the apple from his son's head at Altorf in Uri." Mr. Clarke is, as we expected to find him, somewhat confused as to the titles and rights of the Emperors, but we did not expect to find him writing such nonsense as that:—

Belgium formed the northern part of the ancient Kingdom of Burgundy. After the break-up of that kingdom, Duke Philip retained Belgium and married the heiress of Spain.

We suppose that by "Duke Philip" is meant the son of Maximilian and husband of Juana, and that by Belgium he means the Netherlands; but surely the Kingdom of Burgundy had been broken up long before Philip's time; even the Duchy had ceased to be a separate State on the death of Charles the Bold. Turning to philology, we beg leave to tell Mr. Clarke for the benefit of his next edition that Turkish cannot be, as he asserts, a "largely corrupted dialect of Arabic," since it is a Turanian, and not a Semitic, language. Further, that when he wrote

The inhabitants of South Tyrol and South Illyria speak Romance; a language descended from the Latin and closely allied to it. It is from their likeness to this language that the other languages descended from the Latin (as French and Spanish) are classed as Romance languages—

he fell into a very absurd error. All these languages are alike called Romance, because they are the living representatives of the Lingua Romana, or spoken language of Rome. From the writings of the poets and troubadours of Southern Gaul the word "Romance" passed into English and had taken root there while Tyrol and Illyria were still almost unknown countries, at least to Englishmen. In conclusion, we must protest against the statement that the Church of England is "Protestant-Lutheran"; and we should be glad to know why Mr. Clarke has distinguished the Scottish nation as "Protestant-Christian," while their fellow-protesters on the Continent are described as simply "Protestant."

#### THE GARDEN AT MONKHOLME.\*

CRITICS who measure their words, and do not care to seem carried away without good cause, use the word "power" with a sense of venture and responsibility; nor would it occur to the reader, from the quiet tenor of the early part of the story, that it could be applied to *The Garden at Monkholme*; but with the third volume there comes a situation which needs power, and the author shows herself equal to it. In reading the opening chapters, where children are described as keenly alive to the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, we had a momentary misgiving that we were committed to a dogmatic novel; but the fear passed off as the attention and interest became engaged upon moralities more within the sphere of fiction. The author shows herself a student and close observer of human nature, as seen in temper, manners, and conduct. These supply her motives, and to show these she has devised and regulated her plot. It is not story first and characters to work it out, but a scheme of circumstances and events somewhat elaborately contrived to illustrate certain qualities and errors which have keenly occupied her sympathy and observation. The usual attributes of hero and heroine are not had recourse to. No extraordinary qualities separate them from commonplace humanity. Nobody is superlatively clever or beautiful. They are people of every day, except as manners, and especially as temper, distinguish them.

The heroine may be supposed to represent the author's ideal of womanly manner and character; she has sweetness, tenderness, and grace, all guarded by courage, firmness, and self-respect when rare occasions demand them. It is something in these days to have a woman made interesting through simply feminine qualities; because she is gentle, amiable, conscientious, innocently solicitous to please, and free from self-consciousness in doing so; with no gifts or charms that demand a distinct sphere for themselves, whose charm indeed is harmony of being; who is occupied with others, and with making

\* *The Garden at Monkholme*. By Annie Armitt. Samuel Tinsley & Co. 1878.

their life as far as she can cheerful and happy; who receives the good things about her in simple thankfulness, not intent on divesting herself of them for the sake of others, but endeavouring to make everybody who comes within her influence the better for them. Violet is perfectly content with her position as woman, and has no aspirations beyond, either for herself or for woman in the abstract, using the distinctive weapons of her sex with a full reliance on their efficiency. As a child among boys she is fearless, relying on the sanctity of the argument, "I'm a girl, you daren't touch me"; and the same confidence gives authority and dignity to her manner in after years. But it also belongs to womanhood to test this privilege to the utmost, to be tempted by difficulties in the longing to surmount them. The rudeness of the boy was not quelled by her defiance, yet when he comes within the range of her influence in youthful manhood she is attracted by the same resistance; the fact that he is the only person she has found it hard to please and satisfy is an attraction as presenting an obstacle to surmount. The relations of these two—of Violet, the sweet woman, and the harsh-tempered but high-minded Redfern—constitute the interest and give occasion to the most stirring scenes of the story.

In order to make temper the motive power of the story the persons in it are saved from the commonplace class of temptations. The leading characters are represented as having certain respectable qualities as a common heritage. They bear the same name; Violet, her grandfather, and her three second cousins, are all Hilboroughs. All the Hilboroughs, we are told, are intensely just, and so can act towards one another in difficult circumstances in a way that persons not so distinguished would find neither possible nor wise. This cousinship has the additional advantage of bringing the young people into easy terms convenient for the plot, and rendering the frank tone of all parties natural. They are alike in certain main points, and understand one another; but acting on one another through their tempers and temperaments they arrive at extreme divergence. Redfern Hilborough is a study in a very true and careful sense; every reader's experience must furnish an example parallel at least in some leading feature. He is a favourite with the author. She may be supposed to have seen the consequences of temper on some fine natures. She understands the impulses and temptations which make some good people scarcely endurable. Redfern's home circumstances are not such as to correct a bad temper neglected in childhood. High-principled, and in a sense self-denying, he learns how to master his temper under trying or irritating circumstances; but it needs such circumstances to call forth his powers of self-control. His temper unfits him for ease and prosperity. Violet's sweetness provokes it. Though he is drawn towards her, the serenity and harmony of her being form a continual incentive to outstage; her general benevolence is matter for reproach; he tells her that he is not like her, a person easily pleased; her readiness to take blame on herself is a personal wrong; her accomplishments, her pronouncements, are "the right sort of thing for people who like to feel pleasant sensations." While she endures his attacks, and seeks for something in herself to justify them, he pursues the same conduct; it is only when she turns again that he is recalled to his senses; for the selfishness and want of generosity that belongs to all ill temper characterize his, and "as usual he began to behave better as soon as he was not treated so well." Violet, while attracted by this character so opposite to her own, is not without discernment. In the following scene the cousins are together. Redfern had been showing what he called his bearishness in the morning. It is now evening. There is something in the refinement and comfort of the drawing-room life at Monkholme, where Violet is the presiding genius, that is particularly trying to him.

Redfern's bad temper had by no means exhausted itself, however. He was moody all the evening, and sat with a book in his hand while the others talked. "Violet," he said suddenly, after he had been indulging in a long and somewhat bitter meditation, "I shan't stay till Monday, after all." "Oh! Redfern, why not?" "I have decided to go with Gerald on Saturday." "I thought you said you could manage to stay?" "So I fancied. It will be best to go, however." Violet was silent.

"Is it your business?" she asked, after a moment's pause. "Not exactly; the fact is, this sort of thing does not suit me. I will go back to my work. It is the only thing I am good for." "Wait till to-morrow; you will think differently then," suggested Alfred. "Why should you go?" asked Violet, earnestly; "don't you really like being here?" "How should I like showing myself such a cross uncivilized animal?" "Never mind; if we are satisfied, you may be." "Thank you; you are generous; but I decline to be satisfied."

There was a long pause. Gerald had gone out of the room; Alfred and Violet were playing chess together. They went on silently; but Violet played abstractedly, giving no thought to the game. "I believe, Redfern," she said after some time, speaking very gravely and gently, "you think too much about yourself." "Probably," answered Redfern, curtly. "I am obliged to you for reminding me of it." "I don't mean selfishly," said Letty, looking anxiously at him, trying to meet his eyes, that he might see all the sympathy in hers; "but you think about your faults; and it is a mistake to do that too much, though it may be only to blame yourself." "No doubt," Redfern answered coldly, not looking at her, "I only make them more evident." "You give them more importance than they really have, and make them come between you and your friends more than they need do. Don't you think so?" She got up and turned towards him. She wanted to reach his thoughts and make him feel her sympathy, but she did not know how. He persistently avoided meeting her eyes, and he answered:—"You may be quite right; there is a simple way of avoiding such misunderstandings in future." He rose and closed his book. Letty looked at him with a troubled face. Alfred put his hand on his arm, and spoke impatiently. "Don't be absurd, Ref; and don't imagine because you are a little cross yourself that your friends want to quarrel with you." "I don't imagine so," answered Redfern less coldly than he had spoken to Violet; "I know they don't. Violet would be kind to a dog or a cat, much more to me. The fact is I don't belong to you all; we are not of the same sort, and can't agree. I have no business among you, and I'll go."

It is of course true that bad temper implies first and foremost thinking too much of self; but that is not always the impression it produces on the sufferer from it. And, disagreeable as Redfern makes himself, he is interesting to the reader. His way of making his offer, or rather declaration, is original. His beginning is so unpromising that Violet stops him. "If you are going to say something disagreeable, please don't; I would rather not quarrel before you go." "I am not," Redfern answered, with a harsh tone in his voice; "you think it impossible, I suppose, that I can say anything that is not unpleasant." "You very often do say unpleasant things," said Violet, in a low voice. "I know I do, and to you especially, and it is all because I like you better than anything else in the world."

In contrast to Redfern is his cousin Alfred, perfectly amiable, and yet, because described with understanding and sympathy for the placid temperament, by no means insipid. We are shown it under various forms of trial; thus under the infliction of two clattering young ladies, "Alfred gazed calmly and blankly before him into the distance, till the little gush of words should be over; he was always polite, and never in a hurry; he was also incapable of being bored; he seemed able to suspend his existence till it was again required, and to be troubled with no sensations in the interval." Again, "Alfred rarely lost his self-possession in any circumstances however difficult"; so he was able to talk to his host and hostess over dinner on an occasion calculated to test this power to the utmost. They go to a dance, where Redfern feels out of his element; but Alfred "went out to dances, as he did everything else, in a calm, business-like way, as if he knew exactly what came next, and what to do under all circumstances. It had always, even in his childhood, been easy for him to behave perfectly."

It is through the manners of her personages that the author shows what is in them, and therefore these are described with great nicety. At this same dance Redfern is puzzled by Violet; he felt he did not know her yet, and this because her manner always naturally adapted itself to the scene and occasion:—

Amid the crowd of women there, many were better dressed or prettier than herself, she took her own place quite naturally; she never seemed the one too many in any party, her place there always seemed to have been just made to suit her, she filled it so well. Under the simplicity and unreserve of her daily manners, he would never have guessed that so much self-possession existed; she seemed equally at home everywhere, and though in her own house she demanded no ceremony, and waited on every one as if she was the last to be considered, here she appeared as naturally to take all the attention and consideration that were given to her, as if the attitude of calmly ignoring everything but her own wishes, and letting herself be waited upon, was habitual to her. Either she thought so little or so much of herself—Redfern could not tell precisely which—perhaps it was something of both, that, so long as her own identity was unaltered, no change of position seemed to disturb her.

Manner such as this is not formed, though cultivation has some share in it; it is the natural expression of a sweet and strong nature, where there is no counteracting element, no inner jars to make the outer manifestation belie the inner promptings. The truthfulness of Violet's manner is elsewhere dwelt upon. It was always curious to Redfern to notice how truthfully "she conveyed her ideas of persons to themselves, through the most deceptive manners; she rarely, with all her habitual courtesy and kindness, made any one fancy she liked him when she did not."

We have not touched on the passion and tragic elements of the story. Violet has trials that perfect manners, however equal to every strain upon them, have nothing to do with. Such lovers as Redfern bring trouble with them. It is borne, according to sex and nature. As the writer observes, "A woman may sob away her grief in bitter tears; there is nothing a man can do to express his, except to abuse somebody." Violet overcomes her trial in a way scarcely to be recommended as a general resource, but we will not deprive the reader of the interest of scenes delineated with real power. One parting commendation we must give to the author's style, which is clear, simple, and correct. Words well chosen always give weight to thought, and are themselves a voucher for seriousness and truth of intention.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR STERN'S Life of Milton is entitled to rank among the most successful biographies of a great Englishman written by a foreigner (1). The achievement is the more creditable from the great amount of historical knowledge, and the power of entering into the spirit of an era distant in time and dissimilar in feeling, which the satisfactory treatment of such a subject demands. Professor Stern has made himself master of the entire mass of contemporary literature bearing upon his theme, and shows an acquaintance with the slightest allusions and the most obscure pamphlets which would be astonishing if we did not consider how thoroughly the way has been prepared for him by his predecessor, Professor Masson. Professor Masson's work, though not likely to be superseded or rivalled here, is nevertheless too bulky for circulation abroad, and requires much more careful and prolonged study than can be reasonably expected from a reader whose literary interest in the subject is not reinforced by patriotic feeling. Professor Stern's work is quite the model of a Continental version of such a subject, discarding minutiae, and insisting on nothing that is not of universal human interest. At the same time it is sufficiently apparent that

(1) *Milton und seine Zeit*. Von Alfred Stern. Th. 2, Beh. 3 and 4. Leipzig: Dancker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.



he has taken nothing upon trust, and that all his statements have been verified by his own independent research. The first of these two final volumes deals with the Milton of the Commonwealth, the second with the Milton of the Restoration. The former, therefore, is chiefly occupied with the politics of the period, the latter with literary criticism. The author's candour and good taste are equally conspicuous in both. In the political department of his work he abstains from siding with either party. His narrative is unimpassioned, and his expressions of opinion are such as would generally be acquiesced in by historians of every school. The poetical criticism is equally judicious. Little of novelty, indeed, remains to be advanced respecting the general characteristics of Milton's style and thought; but Professor Stern has found interesting subjects for discussion in a parallel between him and Dante, who are justly placed on a level, in an application of *Samson Agonistes* to the poet's own circumstances, and in a comparison of *Paradise Regained* with Milton's long-lost theological treatise. Both these works receive fuller attention and more justice than has often been their lot; and, in general, Professor Stern's picture of Milton's latter days conveys more agreeable and acceptable impressions than we have been accustomed to receive. He shows himself everywhere deeply impressed with the moral purity and dignity of his hero, the most indispensable of all qualifications for a biographer of Milton.

The second volume of Professor Hüffer's (2) contribution to the diplomatic history of the French Revolution is occupied by the first part of his narrative of the Congress of Rastadt. Its materials are derived from an attentive study of documents in the principal European archives, and will be found highly interesting by those who care to investigate the devious byways of diplomacy. For general readers it is not adapted, nor does the subject admit of the display of any conspicuous literary power. That Professor Hüffer can write effectively on occasion, however, is shown by his review at the end of the volume of the motives and consequences of Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition, which gave a new turn to the negotiations, and revived the coalition against France.

Old Marshal Blücher (3) is a very good subject for a popular biography, such as that attempted by Dr. Wiggers. Few captains of equal mark have been so emphatically mere soldiers, so utterly devoid of culture, enlarged views, or any ideas beyond the meridian of the camp. These defects in no way disqualify the stout old warrior for a popular hero; and Dr. Wiggers has made the most of him in that capacity, toning down the asperities of his character, and rather insinuating than affirming that his rank is not after all so much lower than that of Napoleon, Wellington, and other contemporary masters of the art of war.

The principal object of Herr Carl Sachs's (4) expedition to Venezuela was the capture of electrical eels, which, relying on the testimony of Humboldt, he expected to accomplish by the instrumentality of mules and wild horses. Great was his consternation to find on arriving at the scene of action that the *modus operandi* so circumstantially and picturesquely described by Humboldt was unknown to the natives, and that, if ever resorted to, it could only have been for the purpose of disturbing the fish from their haunts at the bottom of the water. Herr Sachs accomplished his object by the more prosaic method of enclosing the eels between two capacious nets, the fisherman's hands being protected by gloves of india-rubber. He captured and dissected numerous fine specimens; but the five he brought alive to Europe only escaped the perils of the voyage to perish by the jolting of the train between Hamburg and Berlin, to the infinite regret of their captor, who seems not to have heard of the magnificent gymnots now or lately flourishing at the Brighton Aquarium. His dissections, however, will furnish material for a work on a large scale, which we are bidden to expect in due season. His other observations on Venezuelan natural history, though not affecting scientific precision, are copious and interesting. They offer a vivid picture of the animal and vegetable life of that magnificent but neglected country, the tropical splendour of its forests, the impressive expanse of its boundless savannahs. Herr Sachs brings to notice many of the imperfectly known animal and vegetable productions of the country, one of the most remarkable of which is the *guachamacá*, a deadly poison which it is thought may be made useful in medicine. The people possess the customary virtues and failings of tropical Creoles; on the one hand, simple, hospitable, and naturally intelligent; on the other, idle, ignorant, and passionately addicted to gambling. At the time of Herr Sachs's visit the country was under the control of General Guzman Blanco, one of those beneficent despots who arise from time to time in Spanish America to govern with absolute power under Republican forms. Guzman did much for the country, and was compared by his countrymen to Moses, Napoleon, and Washington so long as his term of office lasted. Having further attempted to imitate Sulla by retiring to a private station, he soon found it necessary to fly for his life.

Dr. Chavanne's popular but circumstantial account of the Sahara (5) is completed. The last eight parts comprise the journey through the southern region of the desert from Taflet to Timbuctoo, and the description of the Ammonian oasis, with other

spots of similar fertility. Most of these contain abundant traces of Roman occupation and of an advanced condition of prosperity. Even now the majority are represented as exceedingly beautiful. An adjacent district is the subject of the third volume of Dr. Schneider and Haas's (6) account of Algeria, which treats principally of Oran and Tlemcen. Both these cities are fully described; the most important part of the book, however, is the appendix on the prospects of Algeria as a colony. The writers are of opinion that the Arab is unable to maintain his ground as an agriculturist, and that the only chance of averting the decay of the race is to remove it to the desert. The Kabyle, on the contrary, makes a good peasant, and is likely to form the staple of the future population, outliving the Arab, as he has outlived the Phœnician and the Roman.

Arthur von Studnitz's account of the present condition of the industrial classes in the United States (7) is a valuable contribution to the literature of the social question. The author visited America with a commission from the Prussian Minister of Commerce which procured him ready assistance from the various official bureaux and other agencies for the collection of statistics. The materials amassed by personal inquiry and by circular are arranged under a number of heads, conveying information respecting the centres of industry in the United States and the geographical distribution of special manufactures; the wages, food, and lodging of the workmen; the provisions adopted for their comfort and protection by their employers or by State legislation; their own trade and benefit societies; strikes, lock-outs, communistic and paper-money agitations, female labour, Chinese labour, the attitude of the press on moral questions, and other points connected with the general subject. The picture is on the whole not unfavourable, especially when it is considered that Herr von Studnitz's inquiries were made during a period of severe temporary depression. There is great poverty and suffering in some of the crowded cities on the Atlantic seaboard; but the Western workman is, on the whole, well paid and lodged, and exceedingly well fed. The American workman himself, when of English race, stands well in Herr von Studnitz's opinion; he is more steady, industrious, and trustworthy than the German; and even his disinclination to rough manual work has been serviceable by stimulating his ingenuity in the invention of machinery.

Dr. Kleinwächter's history of the English labour agitation in 1873 and 1874 (8) relates almost exclusively to the coal and iron trades, and is chiefly based upon reports and communications to the *Times*. It is therefore not very complete, but nevertheless offers a considerable amount of carefully and lucidly digested information. The writer's sympathies are apparently with the workmen, but he is little of a partisan.

The Russian and Polish languages are as yet little known to the rest of Europe. Herr Kohn and Dr. Mehlis (9) have consequently performed an acceptable service by abstracting and reproducing in substance the numerous valuable contributions made by Slavonian scholars of late years to the pre-historic archaeology of Eastern Europe. The sepulchral and other sites hitherto examined seem to belong principally to Poland, Lithuania, and the Ukraine. They are divided by the authors into five classes—caves, pile-buildings, megalithic structures, ordinary tombs, and the "Kurgans," or gigantic mounds, which are an especial feature of the country. The traces of cave-dwellings are scanty, and no human remains have been discovered there. There is, however, sufficient evidence that man in Poland was contemporary with the mammoth, as well as with the arctic fox and other animals no longer existing in the country. Vestiges of pile-dwellings are more frequent, the marshy nature of this country being favourable to them. Their inhabitants possessed domestic animals and could make pottery. No trace of either is found in the caves. A buried coin affords an unexpected proof that cromlechs were constructed as late as the time of Theodosius. Many of the earthen vessels, however, both of the smaller and the larger type, are of much earlier date, though few perhaps much older than the Christian era. The human remains discovered exhibit in general a physical type corresponding to that of the present inhabitants of the country. The explorations have afforded a very great number of interesting objects. A pair of iron earrings seems to bespeak a period when iron was still so scarce as to be deemed ornamental. At a later period gilded glass beads of great beauty frequently occur, and in Lithuania small glass lachrymatories to collect the tears of the mourners. On the whole, there seems sufficient evidence that the Sarmatians had attained to a certain civilization and a considerable degree of rude luxury before the introduction of Christianity. A second volume is to follow, and will be accompanied by a chart of the researches hitherto made.

T. Seemann's history of the fine arts (10) is a useful popular manual, accompanied by numerous and well-chosen illustrations. In endeavouring to define "the fundamental law of intelligence.

(6) *Von Algier nach Oran und Tlemcen*. Von O. Schneider und H. Haas. Dresden: Schenfeld. London: Nutt.

(7) *Nordamerikanische Arbeiterverhältnisse*. Von Arthur von Studnitz. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Zur Geschichte der Englischen Arbeiterbewegung in den Jahren 1873 und 1874*. Von Dr. F. Kleinwächter. Jena: Fischer. London: Nutt.

(9) *Materialien zur Vorgeschichte des Menschen im östlichen Europa*. Nach polnischen und russischen Quellen bearbeitet und herausgegeben von A. Kohn und C. Mehlis. Bd. 1. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(10) *Geschichte der bildenden Kunst*. Von Theodor Seemann. 2 The. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(2) *Der Rastatter Congress und die zweite Coalition*. Von H. Hüffer. Th. 2. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Feldmarschall Fürst Blücher von Wahlstatt*. Von Dr. F. Wiggers. Schwerin: Stiller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Aus den Llanos. Schilderung einer naturwissenschaftlichen Reise nach Venezuela*. Von Carl Sachs. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Nutt.

(5) *Die Sahara, oder, von Oase zu Oase*. Von Dr. Josef Chavanne. Wien: Hartleben. London: Nutt.

in the animal kingdom" Professor Vignoli (11) has got hold of a hazy subject, which he does not seem able to make clearer. It is evident that he is an evolutionist, that he holds the mind to have been developed *pari passu* with the physical organs, and that he thinks himself able, or almost able, to answer his own question, When and how did man become an intellectual being? We are sensible in reading, however, of a want alike of distinct conceptions and distinct expressions, and close the book with an uneasy feeling of having been put off with mere words.

The "historical basis" of Dr. Pfeiderer's (12) treatise on the philosophy of religion may probably be considered more valuable than the superstructure. It is only fair to say that it forms no inconsiderable portion of the edifice, the foundations having been laid broad and deep by a circumstantial, yet by no means tedious, analysis of the views entertained by the thinkers who since Kant's time have principally moulded German opinion on the subject. Even the speculative part of the volume is *quasi*-historical from the prominence given to the exposition of the views of other writers. Dr. Pfeiderer's own position is conservative as regards what he considers the essential spirit of religion; with the letter he allows himself considerable liberties. The chief defect of his work is the absence of any adequate recognition of physical science—in our day a most important element in the problem.

Dr. F. von Baerenbach (13) appears desirous of following a middle way in philosophical controversy; on the one hand, putting forth anthropology, or the science of human nature, as deduced from actual observation, as the sole foundation for philosophy; on the other hand, while accepting the theory of evolution, contending for teleology against scientific materialists.

Words have such influence on ideas, especially in subjects of speculative research, that the history of the formation of the terms used to express abstract conceptions or intellectual operations has a most important bearing on philosophical inquiry. It is agreeably as well as fully investigated by Professor Eucken (14), who, following an historical method, examines the state of philosophical terminology at the most important periods of intellectual history, noticing the introduction of new terms, the modifications in force and significance undergone by old ones, and the general action and reaction of speech and thought upon each other.

Herr Bücheler (15) seems to restrict the term philology to that textual criticism of the classics of which he is an admitted master. In his inaugural address on assuming the rectorate of the University of Bonn he reviews the present condition of this department of research, and, while claiming an authority approximating to certainty for its conclusions when attained by legitimate methods, severely condemns the ultra-scepticism which finds more interpolation than genuine matter in Horace and Juvenal. He indicates lexicography and syntactical grammar as the most defective departments of classical philology at present, and dwells on the great philological value of the inscriptions now so abundantly coming to light.

Some of the points of principal interest connected with the Italian Renaissance (16) are ably illustrated by Herr Janitschek, whose lectures, were they but more systematic, might rank as an excellent compendium of the elaborate works recently published on this subject. They are especially to be recommended for their numerous references to authorities. The author has paid particular attention to the position of women under the Renaissance, and has collected a number of authorities bearing on both sides of the question.

In his latest work, *Landolin von Reutershöfen*, Berthold Auerbach (17) has returned to the manner of his early *Dorfgeschichten*. It is an interesting and highly readable story, but too uncomfortable to be pleasing. Landolin, a man of violent and despotical temper, is impelled by passion into an act of homicide, committed certainly under very extenuating circumstances. He is acquitted by the jury, but condemned by public opinion; his neighbours shun him, his servants treat him with contumely, his daughter is estranged from him, his worthless son takes advantage of his condition, and his wife dies of grief. This event brings about a reconciliation with his daughter, and Landolin is conveniently drowned while on his way to reconcile the latter to her lover, whom she has renounced on his account.

The new volume of Freytag's great historical romance, "The Ancestors," (18) is one of the best of the series. It consists of two stories—the first illustrative of the condition of Germany during the Thirty Years' War; the second of the germ of Prussian military organization under the father of Frederick the Great. Both accordingly are military in subject—a peculiarity falling in

well with the present aspect of the times in Germany, and with the author's attachment to the present Imperial system, which is indirectly represented as the ideal to which the previous course of German history has led up. The stories form the contrast and complement of each other—the first representing in lively colours the misery and weakness of the nation when destitute of military resources, and dependent for its very existence on the French and Swedes; the second showing forth the strength and security that spring from a rigid military organization, even when deformed by such eccentricities as Frederick William's passion for gigantic soldiers. The lesson is accentuated by a forcible contrast between the self-denying Prussian monarch and the dissolute Augustus of Saxony. The plots and personages of both tales are interesting, and they may be pronounced attractive, in spite of the author's stiffness of manner and almost pedantic allegiance to his patriotic design.

The most interesting article in the *Rundschau* (19), to English readers at least, is a review of Lord Beaconsfield's early career as a man of letters, by Professor Brandes. It displays a discriminating perception of the elements of Lord Beaconsfield's genius, and a less discriminating sympathy which carries the writer to the length of admiring *Contarini Fleming*. Another very interesting contribution details, for the first time with complete accuracy, the adventurer Bollmann's unsuccessful attempt to deliver Lafayette from his captivity at Olmütz. Lafayette's conduct on the occasion was less chivalrous than he subsequently strove to make it appear; but he showed himself grateful. The remaining contents include the last of Professor Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures; and a review of the Paris Exhibition, with especial reference to mechanical and electrical inventions.

The "German Theatrical Annual" (20) is an exceedingly complete and useful chronicle of the German stage for the past year, including a register of all the new pieces, acted or unacted, in many instances accompanied with critical appreciations; notices of all recent critical and other publications illustrative of the drama; a chronicle; a necrology; an account of commemorations and other remarkable performances during the year, and of the principal dramatic institutions of every kind, with much other matter. The total number of new pieces performed or published during the twelvemonth was not less than 656.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. v. Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

(20) *Jahrbuch für das deutsche Theater*. Von Joseph Kürschner. Jahrg. i. Leipzig: Foltz. London: Nutt.

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(11) *Über das Fundamentalgesetz der Intelligenz im Tierreiche. Versuch einer vergleichenden Psychologie*. Von Tito Vignoli. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Religionsphilosophie auf geschichtlicher Grundlage*. Von Dr. Otto Pfeiderer. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Prolegomena zu einer anthropologischen Philosophie*. Von Dr. F. von Baerenbach. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Geschichte der philosophischen Terminologie*. Von Rudolf Eucken. Leipzig: Veit. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Philologische Kritik*. Von F. Bücheler. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Die Gesellschaft der Renaissance in Italien und die Kunst*. Vier Vorträge von Hubert Janitschek. Stuttgart: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Landolin von Reutershöfen. Erzählung*. Von Berthold Auerbach. Berlin: Paetel. London: Kolckmann.

(18) *Die Ahnen*. Von Gustav Freytag. Abth. 5. Die Geschwister. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Kolckmann.



**QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.**—The PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN LANGUAGES in the Queen's College, Cork, being now Vacant, Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the UNDER-SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before Wednesday, the 5th of February next, in order that the same may be submitted to His Grace the Lord-Lieutenant.

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